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THE FUNERAL OF LORD LEIGHTON IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If it be true that Lord Leighton's last words were "My love to the Academy," they were very touching, and a fitting farewell to the art to which he had been devoted. Only a few of the final utterances of painters or sculptors have been recorded, probably because the compilers of "The Book of Death" and similar publications have not been much in sympathy with the fine arts and their professors. For the most part, however, they seem to have had happy ends, and also happy lives. "I have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine," said William Blake to his wife; "we have lived happy and we have lived long." His last portrait was of that dear helpmate. "Let me draw it, for you have ever been an angel to me." Flaxman's death was attended by a singular circumstance. A stranger called upon him one morning with a book dedicated to him by an Italian artist and inscribed "Al Ombra di Flaxman." He explained that through the general belief in Italy that he was dead the mistake had been made, and that he had been deputed to present the work with an apology. Flaxman, who was in good health at the time, smiled at the error; but the next morning was seized with illness, and expired in a few days of inflammation of the lungs. "His mortal life," says his epitaph, "was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality." The most characteristic last words of a painter were probably those of Gainsborough: "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company"—an observation which proves that he at least entertained no jealousy of the Old Masters. Sir Joshua Reynolds had been obliged, from ill-health, to resign his presidency of the Royal Academy, and was afflicted by a complication of disorders. He bore them patiently. "I have been very fortunate in long good health and constant success, and I ought not to complain. I know that all things on earth must have an end, and now I am come to mine." These, no doubt, are selected cases, but, judging from them, there is no calling the members of which have made more cheerful and becoming ends than the painters.

The difficulties that the Royal Academy had to surmount in the beginning were considerable. Art was at a very low ebb, or rather its tide had never risen, and even educated persons thought it unworthy of attention. "Reynolds," says Dr. Johnson, "has been successful in getting established the Royal Academy, and talks about nothing but the Exhibition. Poor mortals! As if human life was not short enough to perform all the necessary duties without contrivances like these to render the time still shorter!" Reynolds was not held by the King in such esteem as West, for whose pictures a saloon in Buckingham Palace was duly appropriated; but the latter had few other patrons, not because his works suffered from criticism, but that any attempt at history was almost unexampled. His "Pylades and Orestes" made a great sensation, but, as it seems, solely on account of its novelty. Visitors of the highest rank called to see it, and desired his permission to have it sent to them, nor did they fail every time it was returned to accompany it with the highest compliments. West's servant gained thirty pounds by showing it, but no one ever asked its price, or offered the artist a commission to execute any other picture. One worthy gentleman, indeed, being asked why, since he admired the work, he did not buy it, replied, "What could I do with it if I had it? You would not, surely, have me hang up an English picture in my house unless it was a portrait?" Sir Godfrey Kneller had no delusions upon the subject. "Painters of history," he said, "make the dead live, but do not begin to live themselves till they are dead. I paint the living, and they make me live." All this depreciation, however, failed to deprive some English painters of the "guilt conceit of theirs" which nature had given them. A remark of Jervas (which he did not know was overheard) exhibits considerable self-complacency. He was copying a picture of Titian's, and, looking first at one and then at the other, exclaimed with parental pride, "Poor little Tit!—how he would stare!"

A poor gentleman committed suicide the other day through trouble at having to catch railway trains. It was so far curious since he was used to them, coming up and returning by rail to town every day; but that only shows how much he must have suffered. No one can tell what a nervous person sometimes endures in this ordinary and commonplace proceeding. He never, as in this case, gets used to the worry of it, any more than Nelson could get used to sea-sickness. The looking at his watch after breakfast, or after the work of the day is over, and finding he has just five minutes to "do it in," puts him into a flurry. His only chance is always to take plenty of time and to lose a quarter of an hour twice a day in waiting at the railway-station. He will probably lose little else by such an arrangement; but he dislikes the chaff and railery the practice would probably provoke. People with nerves are generally sensitive to ridicule: they have not the courage to say, "You be hanged, and mind your own business." When first folks took to living at Brighton and coming up to town every day the medical papers pointed out the evils of such a system, chiefly resting their arguments upon the danger to the heart consequent upon hurry. This has over and over again been illustrated, and even where there is no weakness of that organ, the strain

upon the nerves, even now, when the majority of us are used to it, exists when it is often little suspected. What makes the case in question particularly sad, but gives it also a ghastly interest, is that the victim chose the scene of his troubles for the end of them, and threw himself under the wheels of the train.

Many good citizens have not yet paid their income tax, and some will pay too much and many too little. It is the worst of all taxes in its temptations, in its unfairness, and its cruelty. With a falling income, to have to pay on a three years' average is a hardship only to be understood by those who have experienced it. Of late years the literary classes, or, rather, the upper ranks of them, have suffered much through the public interest in their private affairs. Interviewers of popular novelists have taken care not to err on the side of depreciation of their profits, while the writers of literary paragraphs have doubled and trebled them. I know more than one of these unfortunate authors who have been assessed on a scale enormously larger than their gains. It is almost more disagreeable to them to explain their position before a board than to sit down under their wrongs. It is said that persons in not so large a way of business as they are supposed to be sometimes return a better income than they enjoy, in order to be thought more prosperous by the public—a course of conduct which does not argue much confidence in the secrecy of the Commissioners; but it is not even unprecedented for the return to be swelled by mere vanity. Michael Kelly, in the pride of his heart, stated his income at £500 a year, but the Board, as usual, thought it must be larger, as he was engaged in so many employments. The account of the interview that ensued has been given us by Kelly himself—

"Sir," said I, "I am free to confess I have erred in my return; but vanity was the cause, and vanity is the badge of all my tribe. I have returned myself as having five hundred pounds per annum when, in fact, I have not five hundred pence of certain income." "Pray, Sir," said the Commissioner, "are you not stage-manager of the Opera House?" "Yes, Sir," said I; "but there is not even a nominal salary attached to that office. I perform its duties to gratify my love of music." "Well, but, Mr. Kelly," continued my examiner, "you teach?" "I do, Sir," answered I; "but I have no pupils." "I think," observed another gentleman, who had not spoken before, "that you are an oratorio and concert singer?" "You are quite right," said I, to my new antagonist; "but I have no engagement." "Well, but at all events," observed my first inquisitor, "you have a very good salary at Drury Lane?" "A very good one indeed, Sir," answered I; "but, then, it is never paid."

Speculative persons who have been disappointed in securing their object often confess to their intimates, speaking of the certainty with which they looked upon the money, "I had swallowed it"; but, as a matter of fact, with the exception of folks who are caught with false coins in their possession, and adopt the device of the kangaroo for concealing it, it is very unusual—though we have the expression, "eating money," used of people who buy asparagus at a shilling a stick—to swallow cash. However, it has occasionally been done, notably by the great Brunel, who, when pretending to be a conjurer to amuse his children, got half-a-guinea stuck in his throat, which baffled the efforts of the surgeons to extricate it. It must have been strange to see them, for a fee, perhaps, of twenty guineas apiece, doing their very best to extract ten and sixpence from their patient. "Who would be free himself must strike the blow," and the great engineer invented a machine like a duodecimo switch-back railway, by which he eventually got rid of the superfluous half-guinea. More recently one of our youthful aristocrats swallowed a much larger coin, and never seems to have suffered inconvenience from it; whatever changes of fortune he may experience, he will always have half-a-crown about him. And now a Birmingham mechanic has swallowed a sixpence, which lodged in his trachea: this little sum gave him a great deal of interest for five years. He has been in pain ever since, and undergone several surgical operations. He might have been an Elwes, or any other miser, so far as the difficulty of getting sixpence out of him was concerned. The other day, however, while tossing his child in the air, the coin fell out of his throat. Many a man has lost sixpence, and even greater sums, by tossing, but no one probably was ever so pleased with the result before.

When our doctor, in reply to a request for some dainty, assents with one of those mysterious smiles which are the especial property of the Faculty, we know that it is all over with us. We may eat and drink, for to-morrow, or at all events in a little time, we die. Even champagne cannot hurt us, nor muffins, nor toasted cheese. Similarly, when a prisoner has the misfortune to be condemned to death his menu becomes unrestricted. The only advantage which the sick man has over him is that he may indulge in tobacco. I believe that civilising influences are still so wanting in Newgate that not even a pipe is permitted in the condemned cell, which, considering the thoughtfulness it engenders, is a matter that demands the attention of the chaplain. I say a pipe and not a cigar designedly. On one occasion it fell to my lot as a friend to carry through a domestic arbitration of a very delicate nature. A member of the family and myself were waiting after dinner for a visit from the person on whose conduct it was our mission to remonstrate. I had lit a cigar to console me under the somewhat embarrassing circumstances, when my companion

laid his hand upon my arm. "Don't you think," he murmured, "there is just a little something, not frivolous exactly, but alien from serious intention in a cigar? Would you mind smoking a pipe instead?" The difference may seem infinitesimal, but I am not sure there is not something in it: so let the prisoner have his pipe, and not the weed. What suggested the matter to me was the recent assertion by a relative that Simon Lord Lovat requested and obtained permission to smoke upon his way to execution. It would be interesting to learn whether it was a pipe or a cigar. If it was a pipe, it is certain, from what we know of that lamented nobleman, that he had the sagacity to select one with the largest bowl known to the trade; but as the smoking-cap he wore on "positively the last occasion" has been preserved, and not the pipe—as it surely would have been if he had had one—it is probable that it was a cigar. In that case, we may take it for granted it was an Exceptionale of portentous size, and that he smoked very slowly.

We have not so many humorous stories nowadays that we can afford to neglect that little budget of them called "The Stolen Bacillus." It is, unfortunately, written in snippets, and, like the pleasure of stroking the kitten's back, very soon over. Perhaps the author is (comparatively) of tender years: when we are young at the trade of fiction we are apt, like expensive cooks, to be extravagant with the materials; when we grow older we all regret this, and some of us, alas! are accused of a contrary error—of making rather poor soup from the lack of stock. When a book is bad the shorter it is the better; but when, as in this case, an author has a superabundance of good ideas, it is a wicked waste thus to curtail them, and serve up in sandwiches what would make a nice little dish. In inferior writers this is sometimes caused by their incapability of "keeping a gallop for the avenue": they use up all their powers before they get to their *dénouement*, or perhaps, alas! they have none. In the writer under consideration this can hardly be the case; yet when one has reached the *finis* of some of these stories one almost thinks that the binder is in fault, and that we shall find their conclusion further on. The first tale, which gives its name to the volume, is striking, but is excelled by more than one of its successors; but one and all have a certain originality, and a ghastly weirdness that reminds one of Edgar Poe, but mingled with a humour in which that author is altogether wanting.

It is a strong thing to say for one who is fond of fun and has enjoyed a good deal of it in its literary form, but I hardly remember a story more calculated to tickle the heart-strings than the snippet, which ought to have had a volume in itself, called "Æpyornis Island." The bird of that name has been extinct a trifle of one hundred and fifty years or so, but Mr. Butcher, a friend of the author, found three eggs on the sand in the neighbourhood of Madagascar and got away with them in an open boat, which, unfortunately, was blown out to sea. After a day or two hunger overcame his scruples (he was not a collector or he would have died first, but only a collector's agent) and he opened one of the eggs. It was "a bit flavoured," but not bad for an egg of its age; it was eating gold—indeed, a thousand-pound note; but he reflected that the value of the other two eggs—the only ones in the world—was thereby increased. Then, after more starvation, he ate another: two thousand pounds gone—and, moreover, it was by no means over-nice; the fact is, it was developing: "An embryo with its big head and curved beak, and its heart beating under its throat, and the yolk shrivelled up, and great membranes spreading inside the shell and all over the yolk." If he had had it for breakfast at an hotel he would undoubtedly have said it was a bad egg. With the third egg he was blown ashore on a desert island, and that night the egg was hatched—

Hatched, Sir, when my head was pillowed on it and I was asleep. I heard a whack, and felt a jar and sat up, and there was the end of the egg pecked out, and a rum little brown head looking out at me. "Lord!" I said; "you're welcome." And with a little difficulty he came out. He was a nice friendly little chap at first, about the size of a small hen—very much like most other young birds, only bigger. His plumage was a dirty brown to begin with, with a sort of grey scab that fell off it very soon, and scarcely feathers—a kind of downy hair. I can hardly express how pleased I was to see him. I tell you, Robinson Crusoe don't make near enough of his loneliness. But here was interesting company. And he grew. You could almost see him grow. And as I was never much of a society man, his quiet, friendly ways suited me to a T. For nearly two years we were as happy as we could be on that island. I had no business worries, for I knew my salary was mounting up at Dawson's.

Unfortunately, he grew too much; in two years he was fourteen feet high, and an unpleasantness arose between them over a bit of fish—

I gave him a whack over the head, and at that he went for me. He kicked me: it was like a cart-horse. Seeing he hadn't finished, I started off full tilt with my arms doubled up over my face.

The rest of his time was passed up to his neck in the lagoon—for the Æpyornis is not a water bird—or up a tree. One of them was not high enough, and "the creature had a regular bank holiday on the calves of my legs." Want of space forbids further description, but the adventures of Mr. B. with his extinct animal are a treat. Criticism is out of the question; the reader gives himself up to enjoyment.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LORD LEIGHTON'S FUNERAL.

St. Paul's Cathedral was the scene of an impressive ceremony on Monday last, when all that was mortal of the late Lord Leighton was laid to rest. Since Lord Tennyson's funeral no such gathering of distinguished men and women has assembled on any similar occasion as was attracted by the desire to pay the last sad tribute of affectionate regard and admiration to the late President of the Royal Academy; royalty, rank, the arts, the professions, all that counts for most in our civilisation, sent representatives to stand by the grave-side of one of the most notable men of our time. But even more noteworthy, perhaps, were the abundant signs of popular interest and regret manifested by the great crowds which were collected in the streets to watch the passing of the procession from Burlington House to St. Paul's.

Shortly before eleven o'clock the coffin, which had been lying in state, amid a wealth of beautiful flowers, in the central hall of Burlington House, was carried forth into the quadrangle beneath a pall of crimson velvet richly embroidered with gold. As the coffin was transferred to a simple glass-covered hearse, a detachment of the Artist Volunteers saluted it by presenting arms, and the procession started. In front, and on either side of the hearse and the car which followed it, heaped with magnificent wreaths, walked the members of the Artists Corps. Then came the Prince of Wales's carriage, in which were Major-General Arthur Ellis, representing his Royal Highness, and Lord Colville of Culross, representing the Princess of Wales. Major-General Ellis was also one of the pall-bearers. The next carriages contained the other pall-bearers—the Duke of Abercorn, Sir Joseph Lister (President of the Royal Society), Sir J. E. Millais, R.A., Sir E. Maunde Thompson (Principal Librarian of the British Museum), Sir Alexander Mackenzie (Principal of the Royal Academy of Music), and Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, M.P. Lord Salisbury, who was also to have been one of the pall-bearers, was at the last moment prevented from taking part in the ceremony. Following these came a great number of carriages, containing Sir Baldwin Leighton with Mr. Val Prinsep and Mr. Pepys Cockerell, the two friends who were with Lord Leighton when he breathed his last; the Belgian Minister; Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Collins, representing Princess Louise; Colonel the Hon. C. Eliot, for Princess Christian; and Colonel Egerton for the Duke of Connaught; with many Royal Academicians and Associates, officers, curators, students, and servants of the Academy. The large crowds assembled respectfully saluted as the cortège passed along.

Inside the cathedral, meanwhile, a dense gathering of mourners waited. Shortly before the hour of noon the sombre scene was relieved for a moment by the arrival of the City Marshal and Sheriffs in their scarlet robes, followed by the Councilmen, Aldermen, and the Lord Mayor. The plaintive strains of a trombone quartet floated through the vast building while the grave beneath the dome was uncovered, and then the tramp of the guard of honour was heard, followed by the solemn chanting of the opening sentences of the Burial Service by the choir, who, with the minor clergy and the Archbishop of York (chaplain to the Royal Academy), the Bishop of Stepney, and Dean Gregory, had awaited the arrival of the coffin at the western door. The Volunteers lined the aisle, with arms reversed, and the procession, headed by the choir, still chanting the burial sentences to Croft's music, advanced slowly up the great nave.

When the coffin had been placed on the bier, Colonel the Hon. W. Carington, who represented the Queen, advanced and laid on it a wreath of laurel and immortelles from her Majesty, bearing the words "A mark of regard from Victoria, R.I.," and the other floral tributes were arranged around the foot of the bier. The Psalm "Lord, Thou hast been our refuge," was meanwhile chanted. Dean Gregory read the lesson, after which Brahms's anthem "Blessed are they that mourn" was impressively rendered by the choir. The Volunteers gave a last salute, the coffin was slowly lowered through the opening in the marble pavement, to the sweet accompaniment of Purcell's setting of "Thou knowest, Lord," and the Archbishop pronounced the final words of committal. The last rite was performed by the sprinkling of the coffin with some earth brought from the Mount of Olives. The Queen's wreath was already on the coffin; Sir John Millais cast into the vault the laurel offering of the Academy, and Count Hatzfeldt added that of the German Emperor, which was one of several wreaths carried separately on black crosses by four of the Academy

students stationed at the corners of the vault. The service was then concluded with the customary prayers, and, after the singing of the hymn "O God, our help in ages past," there was a lengthy interval, during which Dr. Martin played the Dead March in "Saul." When the strains of the March had accomplished their triumphal end, Dean Gregory pronounced the benediction. Even then the great congregation dispersed but slowly, as though loth to take its last farewell of him whom it was there to honour as illustrious artist and true English gentleman. Lord Leighton's last earthly resting-place, of which we give a drawing on another page, is in the "Painters' Corner" of the crypt, in the south aisle of the chapel which lies beneath the upper chancel. The adjoining tomb is that of Sir Christopher Wren; and Landseer, Turner, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others of the mighty dead lie close around.

THE LATE MR. CHILDERS.

The death of the Right Hon. Hugh Culling Eardley Childers has removed a man of some distinction, who for a long time held a prominent position in the political life of his generation—and deservedly too; for though he did not prove himself to be a great statesman, Mr. Childers at all times displayed the less brilliant, but no less useful, qualities of an able and most hard-working administrator. Mr. Childers was born in 1827, of Yorkshire family, his father being the Rev. Eardley Childers, of Cantley, and

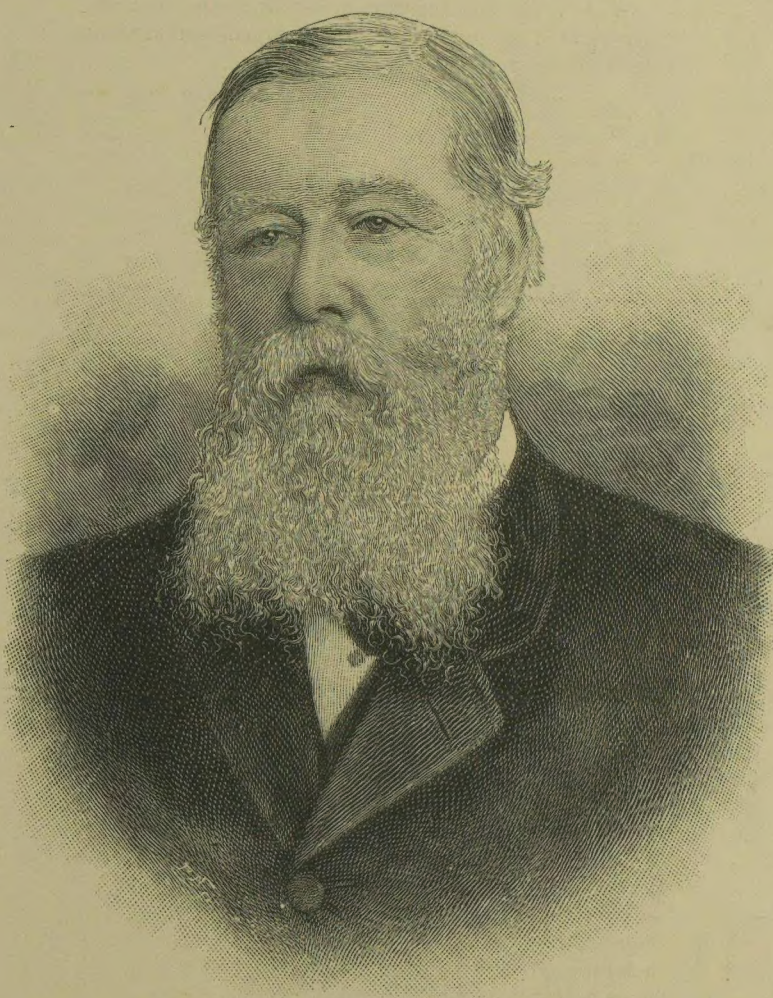


Photo Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. HUGH CHILDERS.

his mother the eldest daughter of the late Sir Culling Smith, Bart., of Bedwell Park, Herts. From Cheam School he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree as fourteenth Senior Optime in 1850. Before the year was out he resolved to try his fortune in the Colonies, and left home for Australia. Soon after his arrival there he was appointed a member of the new Government of Victoria. For the next seven years he was an active Minister, holding the Commissionership of Trade and Customs in the first Cabinet, and during two years representing Portland in the first Legislative Assembly. In 1857 he returned to England, and was made Agent-General for the same colony. Two years later he unsuccessfully contested Pontefract in the Liberal interest, but subsequently unseated his opponent on a petition which was the subject of a special inquiry, and represented Pontefract in the House of Commons for the next quarter of a century. He was the first member of Parliament elected under the Ballot Act, the occasion being that of his re-election for Pontefract in 1872, when he was also appointed Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster. During this period Mr. Childers led a life of remarkable administrative activity. In 1861 he was Chairman of the Select Committee on Transportation, and was a member of the Commission on Penal Servitude in 1863. Other Commissions on which he subsequently served included one on the constitution of the Law Courts, and the later one on the defence of British possessions and commerce abroad. In 1864 Mr. Childers was made a Lord of the Admiralty by Lord Palmerston, and in 1865 became Financial Secretary to the Treasury under the Gladstone-Russell

Administration. When Lord Derby's third Ministry came in a year later, Mr. Childers retired. Mr. Childers' tenure of this latter office was rendered important by the passing of the Exchequer and Audit Act, which will soon have been law for thirty years.

When Mr. Gladstone came into power in 1868 he made Mr. Childers First Lord of the Admiralty, with a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Childers proceeded to carry out many innovations in the mechanism of the Admiralty, by which he incurred a good deal of obloquy. His subordination of the members of the Board to the First Lord, his increase of the responsibility of departmental officials, his fixed yearly tonnage for the building of ironclads, and his revision of the rules for promotion, retirement, and pensions were measures hardly likely to be popular, though they were not long in justifying their promoter's wisdom. But Mr. Childers' health gave way under the strain, and he resigned in 1871.

For some years he occupied himself chiefly with City matters, but when the Liberals returned to office in 1880 Mr. Childers was made Secretary of State for War. He at once proceeded to carry out reforms analogous to those which he had introduced in the Admiralty, reducing expenditure generally, and improving facilities for military mobilisation. He also established the territorial regimental system, and abolished flogging in the Army.

In 1882 Mr. Childers succeeded Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer. In this capacity he effected many good innovations of minor importance, but his big financial schemes failed to win approval—notably his proposals in the matter of the Suez Canal, his Conversion theory, and his plan for equalising death duties on real and personal property—and he retired when Mr. Gladstone's Government was defeated on his Budget in 1885. In the same year Mr. Childers was defeated at Pontefract, but was returned for South Edinburgh in the next spring; and in Mr. Gladstone's third Ministry he was made Home Secretary, in which capacity he had to cope with the Trafalgar Square riots. Mr. Childers retired from public life in 1892, after a long and strenuous devotion to the service of his country, but he retained a keen interest in all matters of public welfare down to the time of his death.

THE ISLE OF TRINIDAD.

This little, lonely, uninhabited, hitherto apparently useless Trinidad—so unlike the fertile and flourishing British West Indian colony of that name—is situated in the South Atlantic Ocean, nearly four hundred miles from the coast of Brazil, about twenty degrees of latitude south of the Equator, and forty degrees of longitude west of Greenwich. It was discovered by the Portuguese in the first year of the sixteenth century, but it was not till almost two centuries later, on April 15, 1700, that an English captain, Edmund Halley, landed on the island and took possession of it for Great Britain. In 1775 it was visited by Captain Cook, and in 1781 the British Government, being at war with Spain, prepared to occupy the island, but desisted upon its being claimed by Portugal, which actually maintained a detachment of troops there from

1783 to 1795. After Brazil was made an empire separate from the kingdom of Portugal, it might be a question whether this island should not be regarded as a dependency of Brazil. At any rate, the Republic of Brazil is yet claiming its dominion, and there was a recent correspondence upon the subject between Senhor Carlos de Carvalho, the Minister of Foreign Affairs at Rio, and Mr. Phipps, the British Minister to that Republic. Brazil on various occasions, in 1831, in 1856, in 1871, in 1884, and in 1894, has sent Government vessels to Trinidad, has granted mining licenses, and has designed to establish a penal settlement. It is now proposed to lay down a British submarine telegraph cable by way of this island. The question of sovereignty may well be referred to arbitration.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

We have just received some additional sketches by Mr. Melton Prior, our Special Artist in South Africa, who has so promptly rendered, as on former occasions, good service to *The Illustrated London News*. They are the sequel to those which were given in our last, representing the scenes of excitement at Johannesburg on the approach of Dr. Jameson's troop of the Chartered Company's armed and mounted police, the conflict at Doornkop, where he was compelled to surrender, and the removal of these men, as prisoners of war, under a guard of Boer horsemen. A few days later Mr. Melton Prior, accompanied by the *Times* correspondent, was permitted to visit Dr. Jameson and his comrades in the State Jail at Pretoria. These incidents are the subjects of our present Illustrations.

THE FUNERAL OF LORD LEIGHTON.

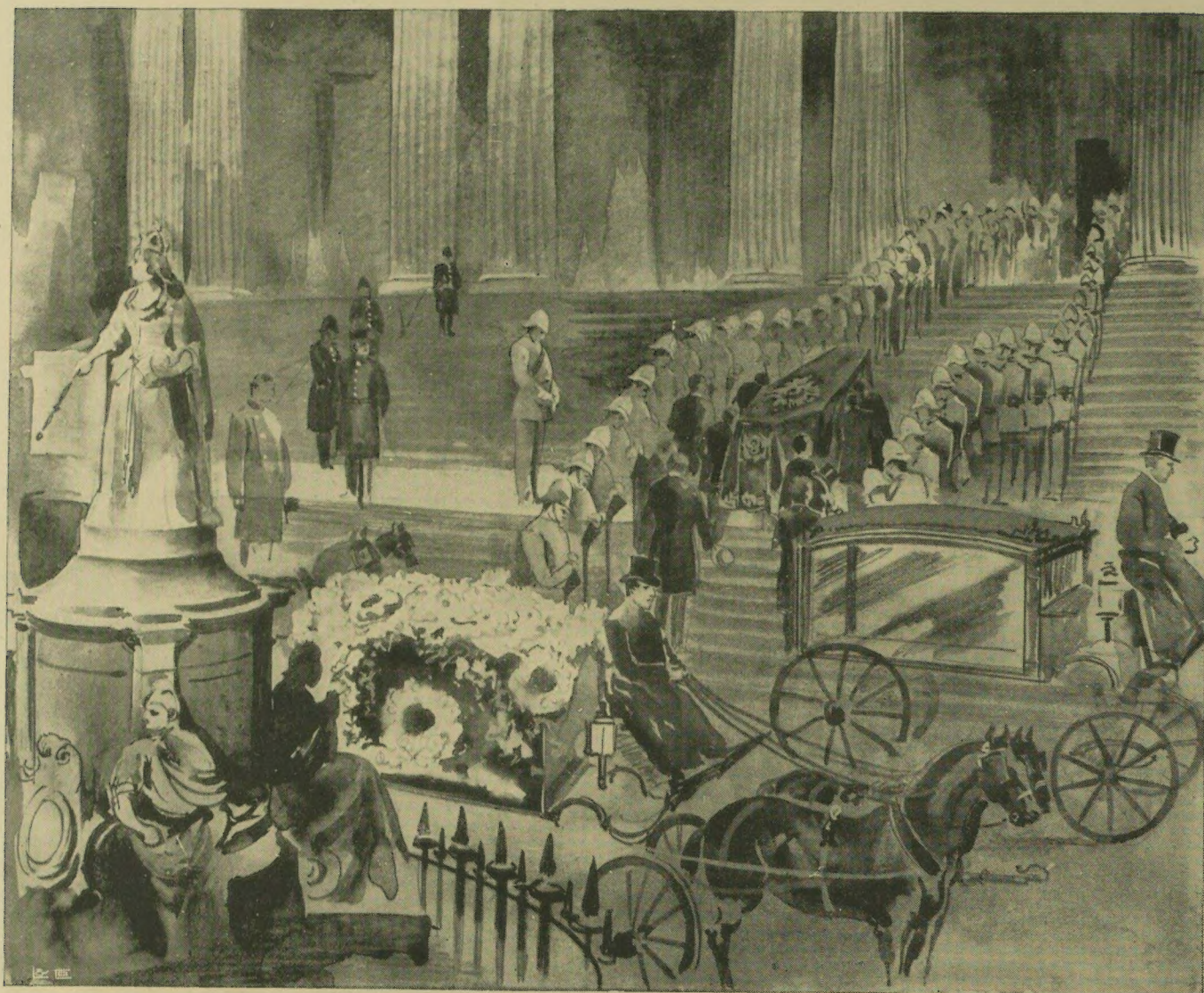
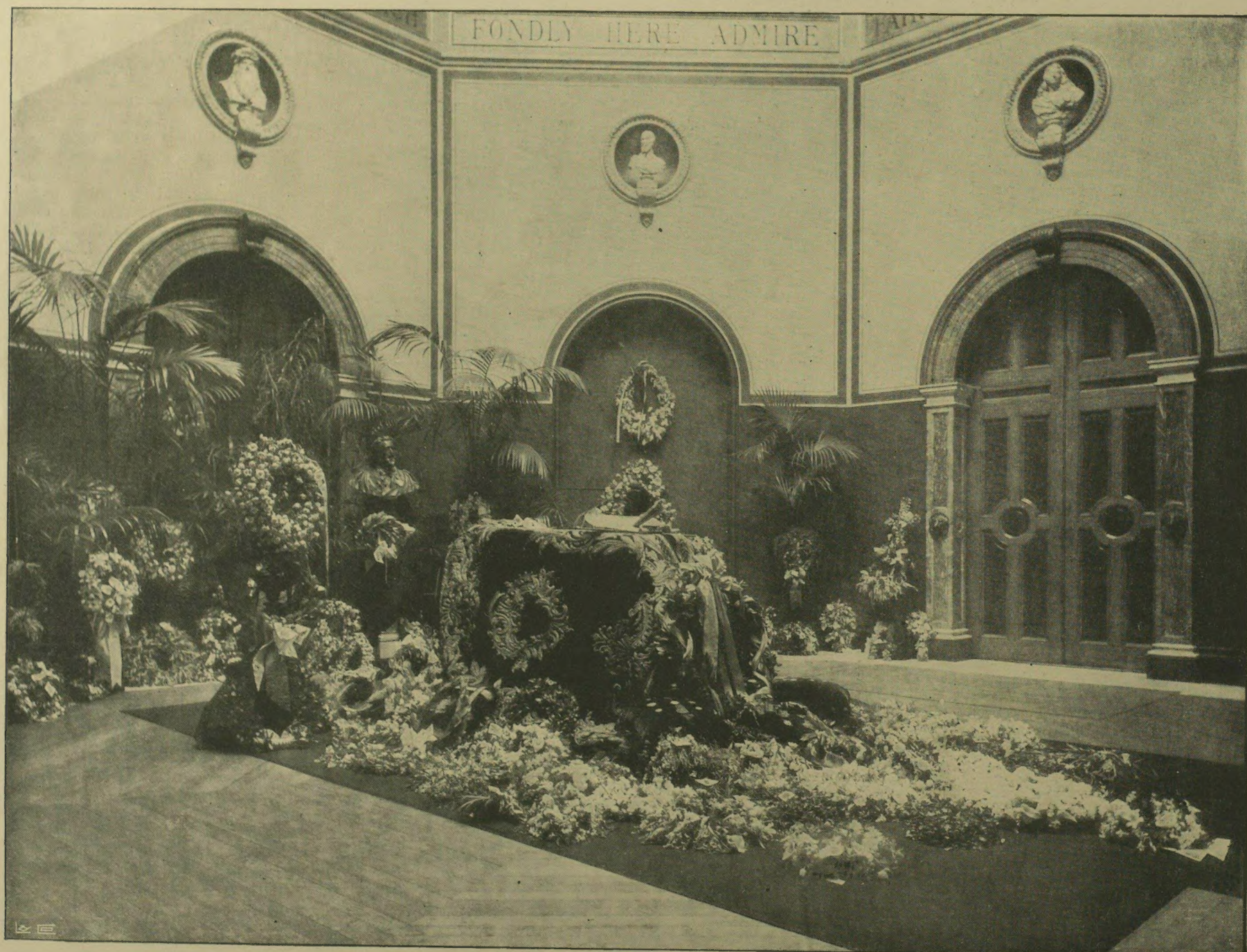


Photo W. S. Bradshaw and Sons, Newgate Street.

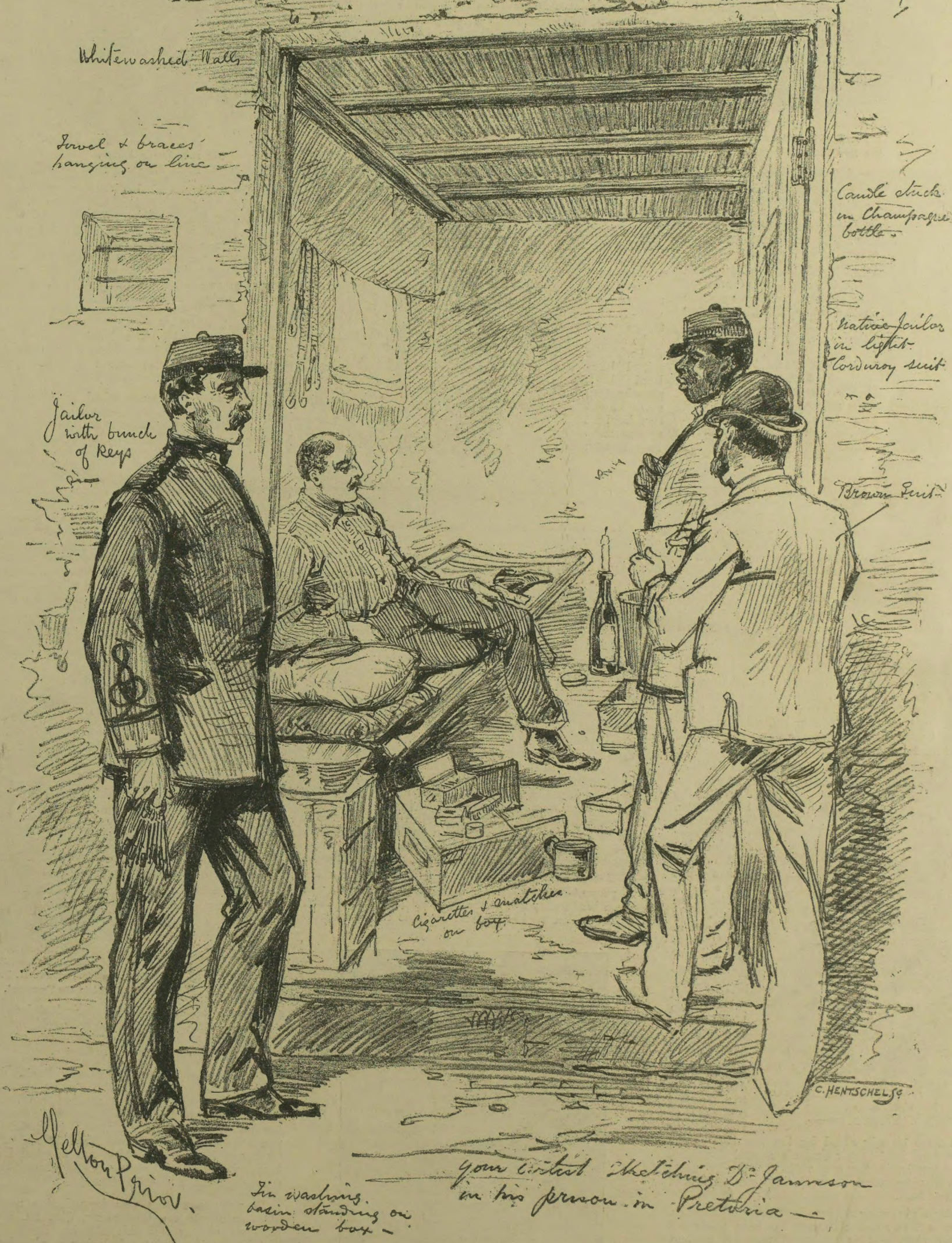
CONVEYING THE BODY FROM THE HEARSE INTO ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY, BURLINGTON HOUSE, ON SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 2.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Dr. Jameson was reclining on a trestle bedstead smoking a cigarette when one of the jailers opened the door.
Excuse me Dr. Jameson making a sketch of you - it is my duty -
recognizing me he replied all right Mr. Prior everybody knows you -



MR. MELTON PRIOR, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, SKETCHING DR. JAMESON IN THE PRISON AT PRETORIA.

Facsimile Sketch.

PERSONAL.

The most notable victory for the Government in the bye-elections has been gained by the Hon. Evelyn Hubbard,

who has succeeded the Marquis of Carmarthen, now Duke of Leeds, as member for Brixton. In 1895 Lord Carmarthen's majority was 1999, and Mr. Hubbard's is 2362. His Radical opponent was Mr. E. W. Nunn. Mr. Hubbard, who was born in 1852, is a younger brother of Lord Adington, partner in the firm of John Hubbard and Co., a director of the Bank of England, and one of the Queen's Lieutenants for the City. He has had some experience in elections, for he was defeated at Plymouth at the General Election, and fought without success in North Buckinghamshire in 1889 and 1891. Mr. Hubbard is married to a daughter of Mr. Wyndham Portal.

It is no longer a secret that Mr. Justin McCarthy will not meet Parliament as the leader of the Anti-Parnellite party. The wonder is that he has held a difficult position so long. His retirement is the theme of kindly tributes from all parties, for no man stands higher in the personal esteem of the House of Commons. The choice of his successor appears to be giving some trouble. Mr. Healy, of course, is out of the running; and the most likely competitors are Mr. Sexton and Mr. Dillon. Mr. Sexton would seem to have the better chance, if he should be willing to accept the onerous responsibility, for he does not excite the personal animosities which rage round Mr. Dillon's head. Moreover, Mr. Sexton is admittedly one of the ablest of our Parliamentarians.

The long-awaited narrative of Slatin Pasha's captivity in the Soudan has not disappointed expectation. The author tells a graphic story of his experiences under two Mahdis, for neither of whom he expresses any respect, though he admits that the Mahdi who captured Khartoum was not such a bloodthirsty savage as his successor. The most moving part of the story is the description of Slatin Pasha's emotion when the head of Gordon was thrown at his feet. He declares that had the steamers of the British expedition made their appearance three days earlier, Khartoum would have been saved.

Mr. G. P. Bidder, Q.C., whose premature death is deeply regretted by the Bar, was the son of the civil engineer famous in his youth as the Calculating Boy. Mr. Bidder had inherited some of his father's extraordinary faculty, for he could multiply fifteen figures by fifteen more, and perform other feats of arithmetic that turn the average man's brain to think of. He was also skilled in cryptography, and has been known to read the most difficult cipher with ease. Mr. Bidder had a high reputation in the legal profession, and was for many years one of the leaders of the Parliamentary Bar.

The seat vacated in South St. Pancras by the death of Sir Julian Goldsmid has been won by Lieutenant Herbert Jessel, of the 17th Lancers.



Photo W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street.

MR. H. M. JESSEL,

The New M.P. for South St. Pancras.

Mr. Jessel is the younger son of the late Sir George Jessel, Master of the Rolls. He was born in 1866, educated at Rugby and New College, Oxford, and joined the 17th Lancers ten years ago. In 1894 he married Maud, fifth daughter of Sir Julian Goldsmid, to whose family

the Jessels were already allied by the marriage of Sir Charles Jessel in 1890 to Sir Julian's second daughter. Mr. Herbert Jessel gained an easy victory for the Unionists in South St. Pancras, where his majority exceeded that of Sir Julian Goldsmid.

Prince Boris is to swing no more between two Churches. His baptism in the Orthodox Church has been celebrated at Sofia this week. It is rumoured that his mother, Princess Marie Louise, will show her resentment at this perversion of Boris by returning to her father, the Duke of Parma. Prince Ferdinand visited Rome, where he is said to have had a cool reception; but it is not believed that the loss of his two-year-old son to the Roman Church will be punished by the excommunication of the father. Prince Ferdinand had to choose between losing the Pope's good graces and losing his throne, and, like a practical man, he has chosen to keep the throne, even at the risk of spiritual thunders.

The son of Mr. Hamond, an American citizen arrested at Johannesburg, has become famous by an appeal to the American President. Little Willie Hamond wrote a letter to Grover Cleveland requesting the American Executive to procure his father's release, even at the cost of war. Grover Cleveland gravely replied that he had sent the letter to President Krüger, who would no doubt give it his immediate attention. This diplomatic incident recalls the anecdote of the Duke of Wellington and the small boy he found one day weeping over a pet toad. The boy was heartbroken because he had to go to school and leave his orphan toad to the mercy of a cruel world. The Duke undertook to be a foster-father, and wrote to the boy from time to time in these terms: "Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington presents his compliments to Master William Stubbs, and begs to inform him that his toad is quite well."

Mr. Sidney Lee, the editor of the "Dictionary of National Biography," told an audience at the Royal Institution that the number of eminent persons is increasing. The test of eminence is eligibility for Mr. Lee's admirable Dictionary—a work which will have to be indefinitely expanded if eminent people become more plentiful. It is suggested, however, that time is the only real judge of eminence, and that future generations may speculate as to the presence of many persons in the "National Biography" as the entomologist speculates about the fly in amber. The obvious rejoinder is that every generation must take care of its own eminence.

Viscount Milton has enjoyed the luxury of being killed by the newspapers. A report that he had been killed in the hunting-field was "confirmed" by a circumstantial telegram. How the error originated is a mystery, for Lord Milton met with no accident of any kind.

The Italian army in Tigré, the northern province of Abyssinia, under the command of General Baratieri, augmented to about twenty-five thousand well-trained troops, ought to be able to deal with the mixed barbaric host, numbering sixty thousand, but much outnumbered with non-combatants and badly armed, following the standard of the Negus or Emperor Menelik, King of Shoa. It is not easy to understand the movements of this campaign, but the disasters that have occurred to Major Toselli's detached force at Ambalagi and in the compulsory surrender of the fortress of Makaleh look as though some error of strategy had been made in pushing forward the advanced posts too far from their due supports. The Makaleh garrison, of whom about one hundred and twenty were Italian officers and soldiers, with over eight hundred native auxiliary troops, repulsed every assault of the enemy, but for several weeks endured great sufferings from the want of water. The besieging Abyssinian commander, when at length they yielded to necessity, granted them honourable terms of capitulation, allowing them to rejoin General Baratieri's army, with all their weapons and baggage. Colonel Galliano, who commanded at Makaleh, is a distinguished officer, a Piedmontese, fifty years of age, who served in the first African Expedition in 1887 under General San Marzano, and in 1893 won a gold medal of honour for his valour in the battle with the Dervishes at Agordat. His defence of the fort during the last month, though not successful, is esteemed a creditable military action.

A presentation to Mr. H. Cosmo Bonsor, M.P., was made on Wednesday last at the Brewers' Hall, in the City, as a recognition by his brothers in trade of his valuable



SILVER PLATE PRESENTED TO MR. H. COSMO BONSOR, M.P.

services in their interests. The testimonial consisted of a service of plate, including a tankard chased in relief, a dish of repoussée workmanship, and a pair of bowls reproduced

after the design of the Monteith bowls of Queen Anne's time. This handsome service was made by Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, the art silversmiths of New Bond Street.

Eivind Astrup, son of Mr. Harald Astrup, late commanding officer of the Christiania Militia, was born in 1871, and at nineteen years of age went to Philadelphia to perfect himself in English and commence a business life. This, however, proving hateful to him, he joined Lieutenant Peary on the expedition to North Greenland. The result of the expedition is well known. Peary and Astrup made

one of the most remarkable journeys on record over the ice-cap of Greenland, and in the course of it discovered Independence Bay on the east coast, and the fact that Greenland was an island. For this Astrup, on returning to Norway, was made a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf, a distinction never previously conferred on so young a man. Astrup joined the second Peary Expedition in 1893 as second in command, and succeeded in surveying the unknown shores of Melville Bay. During the course of the past year he was engaged in writing an account of the two expeditions—a most interesting work—entitled "The Neighbours of the North Pole," and it was to brace himself up after his labours that he set off on the tour which has proved fatal to him.

Canon MacColl has unearthed an interesting piece of political history. It seems that when Disraeli formed his Cabinet in 1874 Lord Salisbury hesitated to join it because his relations with the Tory chief had been more than strained for several years. He recalled his denunciation of Dizzy in 1867 over household suffrage, and feared that his return to office under the leadership of that statesman would be misconstrued. In his perplexity Lord Salisbury consulted the greatest of his political foes. He submitted the case to Mr. Gladstone, who promptly decided that it was Lord Salisbury's duty to enter the new Government instead of taking up a position of isolated independence, which would impair his usefulness. This advice was accepted, and to Mr. Gladstone it is probably due that Lord Salisbury is now at the head of the most powerful Government of modern times instead of sitting on the cross-benches of the House of Lords.

Mr. Seymour H. Beard, whose name is among those of the hapless men of Dr. Jameson's expedition who perished in the fight, was the youngest son of the late Mr. Thomas Beard, well known as a solicitor in the City, of which he was also at one time Under-Sheriff. Mr. Seymour Beard joined the forces of the Chartered Company about eighteen months ago, and was promoted to the rank of corporal some six months before his death. His last letter home was written in excellent spirits, in spite of his long march of five hundred miles and the prospect of severe fighting. He was only twenty-four years of age.

Sir Maurice James O'Connell, Bart., died at his residence, Lake View House, Killarney, on Jan. 16. The deceased Baronet, who had reached his seventy-fourth year, was son to the late Mr. James O'Connell, youngest brother to the Liberator, Daniel O'Connell. Sir Maurice was Deputy-Lieutenant and High Sheriff of his native county of Kerry. His eldest son was killed in the Zulu War, and Mr. Donald Ross O'Connell, his second son, now succeeds to the title and estates.

A new association was formed at a meeting at the Mansion House on Wednesday, Jan. 29, for the establishment of the "British Empire League," which is to take the place of the declining or abortive scheme of "Imperial Federation," and the objects of which are simply to promote mutual arrangements between Great Britain, India, and the Colonies for their common defence, naval and military, and for their commerce, to obtain for the Colonies freedom to negotiate with each other upon matters of trade, and the extension of postal communications. The Duke of Devonshire is the president of this new association. Sir John Lubbock and Sir Robert Herbert, of the Colonial Office, took part in the first meeting.

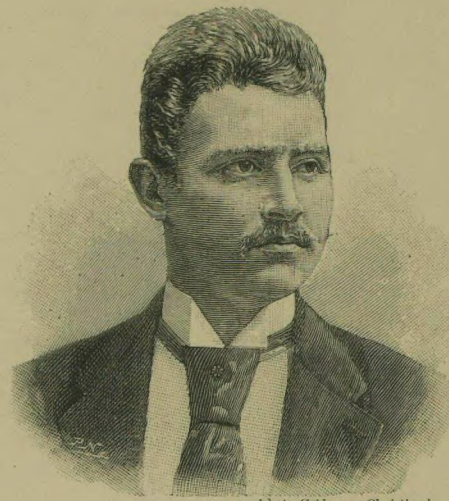


Photo Gubbson, Christiania.

THE LATE EIVIND ASTRUP,
Arctic Explorer.



Photo Arthur Weston, Newgate Street.

THE LATE MR. SEYMOUR H. BEARD,
Killed in the Transvaal.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, at Osborne, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, and the Duchess of Albany, was last week awaiting the arrival of the mortal remains of Prince Henry of Battenberg on the shores of England, while the arrangements for his funeral, to be performed at Whippingham Church, must have occupied the attention of the royal family. On Monday evening they were joined by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of York, and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught next day returned to Osborne. Prince Louis of Battenberg and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg were with the royal family.

The ship, H.M.S. *Blenheim*, to which the body of Prince Henry had been transferred from the *Blonde* at Madeira, arrived at Plymouth on Monday morning, received instructions from Osborne, and in the afternoon came on to Portsmouth. On Tuesday morning she entered that harbour, where she was met by the royal yacht *Alberta*, with the Prince of Wales, Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, the Duke of Connaught, and the two Battenberg Princes on board. A short funeral service was performed in the captain's cabin, fitted up as a mortuary chapel, by the Bishop of Winchester and the Rev. J. Blunn, naval chaplain of the *Blenheim*; the body of Prince Henry was then

convinced supporters of the Monroe Doctrine, as originally understood. He shared the feelings of horror and indignation excited by the terrible massacres and cruelties inflicted upon the Armenians under the wretched misrule of the Sultan, but he denied that England singly, without the co-operation of the other European Powers, could attempt the military occupation of those provinces of Asiatic Turkey, so remote from the sea, enclosed by almost impassable mountains, and inhabited by a rude and fanatical population. It was, further, as he showed, a mistake to suppose that either by any article of the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, or by the Cyprus Convention, England was bound to interfere by force, and acting separately from the other Powers on behalf of the oppressed subjects of the Sultan. In conclusion, his Lordship observed that, in these times, all parts of the British Empire must draw together, and we must think not only of English domestic interests, but hold ourselves ready to defend the security of our colonial fellow-subjects, who would in return give us their sympathy and support in our own troubles.

The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour on Monday spoke at a meeting of Conservatives and Unionists at Bristol, discussing the question of support to voluntary or religious denominational schools, which he exemplified by the system

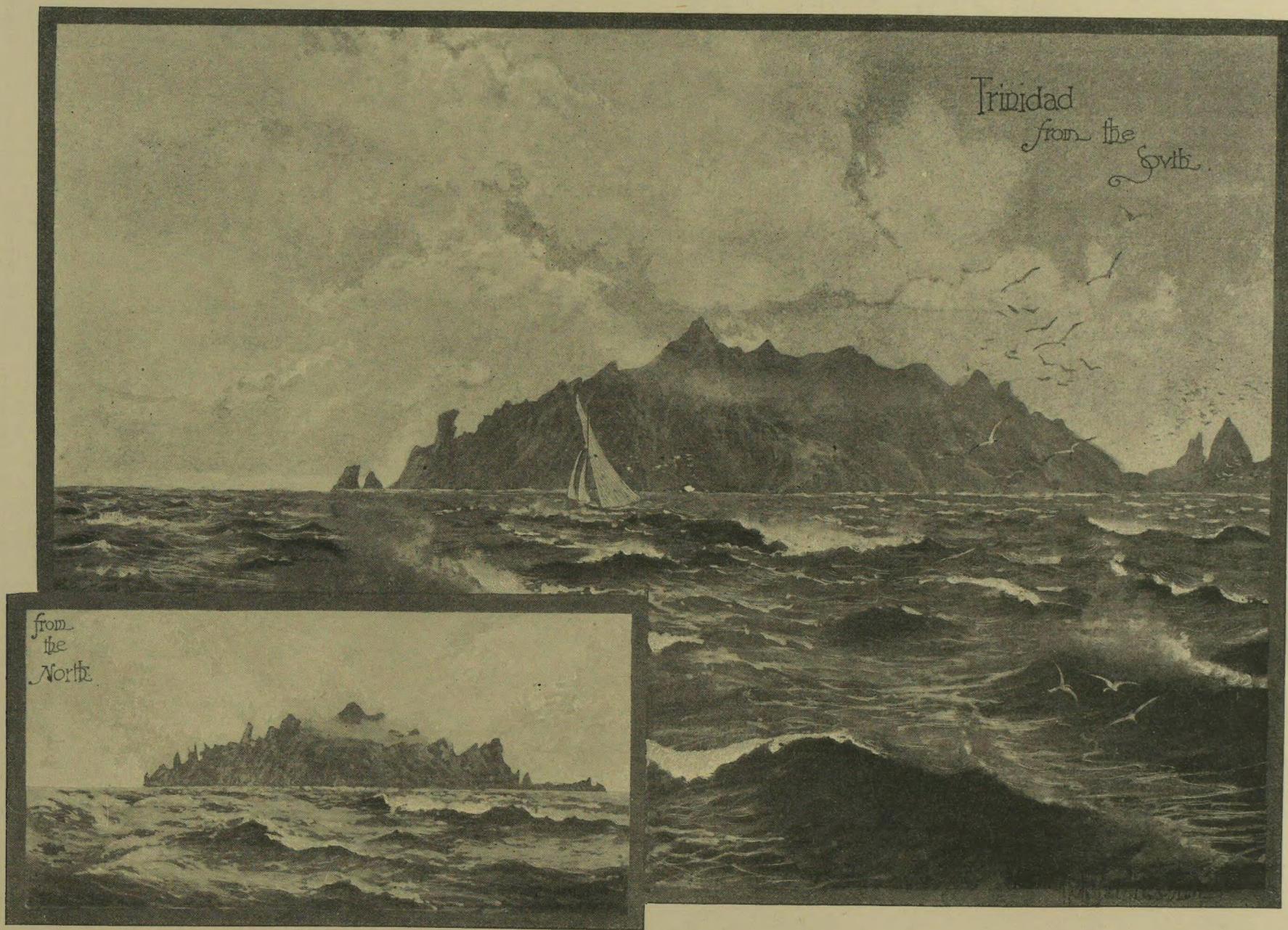
the election of the Earl of Denbigh, who obtained 4708 votes, and the other candidate, Lord Wolverton, 483.

In connection with the Technical Education work of the London County Council, the Duke of Devonshire on Jan. 31 addressed a meeting at the Queen's Hall, congratulating that body upon the results already obtained.

A complimentary dinner was given by the Sports Club on Jan. 29 to Sir Augustus Hemming, the new Governor of British Guiana, on the eve of his departure; but he is first to assist in the conferences at Paris concerning the trade of the Niger.

The opponents of increased Government grants to elementary schools established by voluntary efforts for Church or other religious education held a London meeting on Jan. 30, at which the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P., was the principal speaker.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, the managing director of the Chartered Company of British South Africa at Capetown, arrived in England on Tuesday morning, landed at Plymouth, and came up to London. He was accompanied by Mr. Alfred Beit, one of the London directors, and by Dr. Rutherford Harris, secretary to that company. Disturbing telegrams from Johannesburg, of anonymous authorship, were published in London a few days ago, concerning the



THE ISLAND OF TRINIDAD.

See "Our Illustrations."

removed and conveyed by the *Alberta* to be landed at East Cowes, passing through the lines of the naval squadron anchored at Spithead, with the firing of minute-guns.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Queen, with the children of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, came from Osborne in a closed carriage to the Trinity Pier, where the *Alberta* lay, and the other Princes and Princesses were assembled there to receive the body of the dead. Her Majesty, supported by her two Indian servants, walked on board the yacht, and placed a wreath on the coffin, as did also the Princess of Wales and her daughters, after which they all returned to Osborne.

The funeral ceremony, which took place on Wednesday at two o'clock, will be described in our next publication, and will afford subjects for our artists' pencils in a series of illustrations. The coffin was actually landed two hours before the funeral, and was conveyed to Whippingham Church by a procession, in which the Queen and all the Princes and Princesses joined at the East Cowes pier.

Lord Salisbury on Friday, Jan. 31, was entertained at dinner at the Hôtel Métropole, by the Nonconformists' Unionist Association; Sir George Chubb was in the chair. The Prime Minister delivered a political speech of considerable importance; he said that Ireland has now learned that Home Rule cannot be obtained, and would be no remedy for her evils; that it has been further discredited, as a system of government, by recent events affecting the unions between Austria and Hungary, Sweden and Norway, and the position of the Transvaal. With regard to America, he declared that her Majesty's Government were

prevailing in Ireland and in Scotland; and, with regard to the atrocities in Armenia and Asia Minor, stating that Great Britain had not been willing to undertake such action. If Europe had failed in doing what it might have done, it was not England who was in fault or who ought to be blamed for events so disgraceful to civilised humanity; but the consequences would be disastrous to the Turkish Empire. Mr. Balfour also contributed some words of eulogy to the renown of the British Empire, and the liberality of its rule, conducted in no selfish spirit, but to the profit of all nations.

The Irish Home Rule (Anti-Parnellite) Parliamentary party has lost the services of Mr. Justin McCarthy as Chairman, his resignation being ascribed to the state of his health. A meeting of the Parnellite section at Dublin on Monday was addressed by Messrs. John and William Redmond.

The polling at the Brixton election on Jan. 30 resulted in the victory of the Conservative candidate, the Hon. W. Evelyn Hubbard, who got 4493 votes against 2131 for Mr. E. W. Nunn, the Radical candidate. The Right Hon. J. Morley has spoken at Arbroath and at Forfar as candidate for the Montrose Burghs.

The Sunderland election petition by Mr. S. Storey, the defeated candidate, against the Conservative sitting member, Mr. Doxford, has been dismissed after the due judicial investigation.

The vacant seat in the London County Council left by the retirement of the Duke of Norfolk has been filled by

state of affairs in that town and in the gold-fields district. The Secretary of State for the Colonies, Mr. Chamberlain, has issued a semi-official note cautioning the public not hastily to believe such alarmist reports. President Krüger and the Transvaal Government declare them to be utter falsehoods. The gold-mines in general have resumed work, and the town is now restored to a secure and orderly condition.

There is little or no important news from the European Continental capitals; the proceedings of the German Reichstag and the French Chamber of Deputies are uninteresting. The late Spanish Military Governor of Cuba, Marshal Martinez Campos, has returned to Spain. His successor, General Weyler, has to deal with the rebellion, which is still unchecked.

Prince Ferdinand of Coburg, the ruler of Bulgaria, has returned to Sofia, the capital of that State, from his visit to Italy, where he had an interview with Pope Leo XIII., at the Vatican, and failed to mitigate the severe ecclesiastical censure he has incurred by the proposed christening of his baby son, Prince Boris, according to the rites of the Eastern Church. His wife's parents, the Duke and Duchess of Parma, and his mother, Princess Clementine, are said also to be much displeased by this act of disloyalty to the Roman Catholic Church, of which Prince Ferdinand is still a member. They reside near Vienna, and he called upon them as he passed that way. The rite, which is not a baptism but a chrism, or anointing, will now be performed, to gratify the Bulgarians—and possibly to conciliate Russia. The mother of the infant Prince goes on a long visit to her own friends.

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Facsimile Sketches.



The men were enclosed in the Grand stand enclosure with armed Boers all round.

St. Jameson's men whiling away the tedious of their incarceration in the Steward's room of the Race Course - Pretoria -

Men in every imaginable style of undress -



The Revolution in the Transvaal Governor of the Gaol parading & counting the War prisoners (Jameson's men) at Pretoria



A FIRST FLEET FAMILY.

by Louis Beeke.

A Hitherto Unpublished Narrative of Certain Remarkable Adventures
Compiled from the Papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

CHAPTER XIII.

I TAKE A SMALL PART IN A VERY IMPORTANT CEREMONY. I was landed from the *Sirius* to do duty with the main guard on the Governor's side of the Tank Stream in Sydney Cove—as it was afterwards called, in honour of Lord Sydney, though there was some talk at first of calling the settlement Albion.

Day and night for a week, when not on sentry duty, I had to remain close to the guard tent, for in it were placed the colours of the detachment, which Major Ross had had trouble enough, as he said, to get permission to bring with us, and which had to be guarded. Besides the pair of colours there were many important boxes, containing papers, ammunition, and the like, and the guard tent was the rallying point in case of a mutiny or of an attack by the natives.

In the bustle and excitement of the first week after our landing I saw nor heard nothing of Will and Mary.

Only some of the prisoners had as yet been landed, and these were at work on the other side of the cove, felling the great trees and erecting rough huts and tents in readiness for the general disembarkation; while no women were allowed on shore for the first week. But on my side of the stream the live stock and plants and seeds were landed, and stock was taken of our possessions. It was then found that we had four mares, two stallions, four cows, one bull, one bull calf, and a few sheep, poultry, goats, and hogs, all of which Captain Phillip had bought at the Cape.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, February the fifth, five women were landed and escorted to our side of the cove, and as I saw them coming towards where I was keeping guard, I thought one of these might be Mary Broad. But she was not among them, and it afterwards turned out that these women were destined for Norfolk Island, whither Lieutenant King was bound in the *Supply*.

However, on the following day all the ships' boats were got out, and by sunset that night every prisoner in the fleet was landed and encamped. When all were on shore a muster roll was called, and it was found that from the day we left England until our arrival the number of deaths of all parties in the expedition only numbered forty-eight.

It was a very dreadful night, for before the tents could be properly secured an awful storm came upon us, with such thunder and lightning and rain as I had never dreamed of, and man as I thought myself to be, my heart was filled with fear. Many of our live stock were killed by the hurricane, and Major Ross lost five sheep, in which he took great pride, but I confess I was not sorry to lose them, for I had been given the charge of them, and they cost

me much trouble in straying away, and I feared to meet with natives when searching for them.

Lieutenant Fairfax I had seen very little of during this first week on shore, for the Governor, as we now took to calling our good Commodore, had found him a great deal of work surveying the ground, he being much skilled in this science.

There was terrible work that night among the depraved characters who were landed, and I shuddered when I heard afterwards, from my comrades doing duty on that side of the cove, at the fearful scenes which they had witnessed, when I thought that Mary was among the women who, 'twas said, had led to all the riot, although, poor girl, she had nought in common with the vicious wretches by whom she was surrounded.

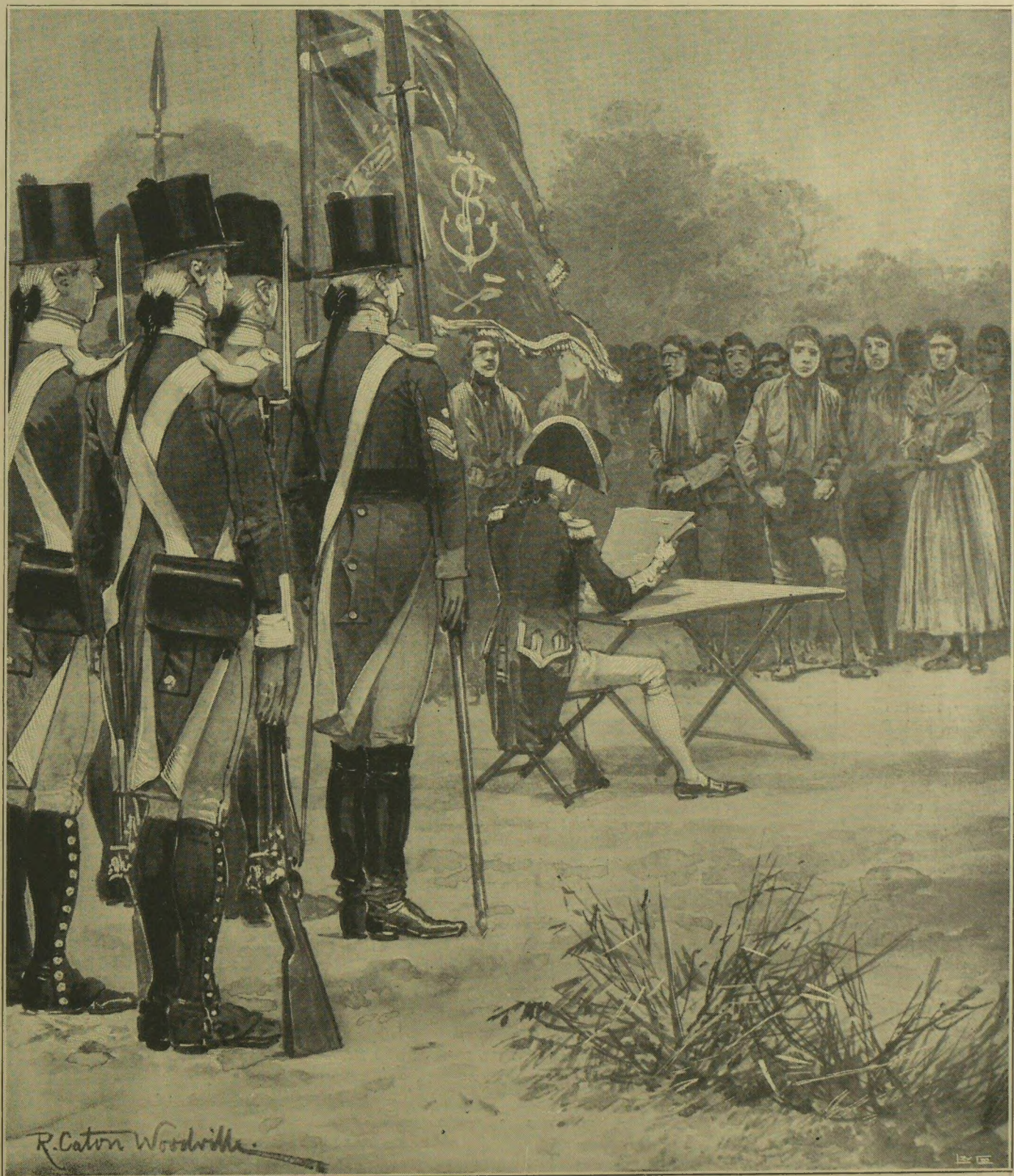
The next morning at ten o'clock everybody belonging

to the settlement was assembled on the banks of the little rivulet to hear Governor Phillip read his commission.

We Marines were all under arms, and only one sentry was left at the guard tent. Our colours were unrolled, and our drummers and fifers played good music as we fell into line.

The prisoners were all drawn up at a short distance, and then the Governor, and all the officials of the settlement, and our regimental officers and the ships' officers, assembled in front of us.

A camp table stood handy, and on this were a lot of papers, which Mr. Collins read out in a clear voice. These documents were the commissions of the Governor and our Commandant (who was appointed Lieutenant-Governor), and Mr. Collins himself, who was the Judge-Advocate; the parson and the Surveyor-General; all had their



The Governor reading his commission in Botany Bay.

commissions read also, and everyone was much impressed with the ceremony.

The Governor very prettily thanked the detachment for its services, and then he ordered the convicts to sit down, as he wanted them to pay attention to what he had to say.

Then it was that among the crowd of abandoned felons I saw, for the first time since I had left England, Will Bryant and Mary Broad. They were seated together holding each other's hands, and seemingly quite indifferent to all that was going on about them; and I saw that every now and then the girl would let her eyes dwell lovingly upon the face of the man for whom she had dared so much.

I learnt afterwards that this was the first time they had met since leaving England. The male prisoners had been marched on to this parade ground from one direction, and the females from another; and then, for the first time, many of the men and women recognised among their fellow-exiles some old acquaintances.

Mary and Will were, strange though it seemed, but little changed from when I saw them last, and the girl looked pleased and happy, as if, forsooth, 'twas something to be proud of to be in such a situation.

They did not see me; the girl was too much wrapped up in her lover to have eyes for any but him, and as for Will, he held down his head, and, I thought, looked as if he felt awkward and ashamed at being so taken possession of by a woman.

Presently, the convicts all being seated on the ground, Captain Phillip, in a clear voice that could be heard by every soul present, addressed them, as nearly as I could remember when I wrote the speech in my log-book, in these words. Said he: "Prisoners, I have given you a very fair trial during the passage out, and I have had some of you working under my own eye for the last week, and I am sorry to say that I think many of you are incorrigible and case-hardened rogues, that nothing but severity will induce to behave properly. Make no mistake about it," and here his voice grew terribly hard and stern, "if the scenes of last night are attempted to be repeated, the guard has orders to fire upon you, to put a stop to your riotous debauchery. Therefore, for your own sakes I implore you to take heed. Out of some six hundred of you who ought to work, not more than two hundred have shown an inclination to do so. Very well, I will take care that the industrious shall not labour for the idle—those who do not work shall not eat. In England, thieving poultry is punished with death, and there poultry is plentiful. Here a fowl is of the utmost consequence to the settlement, for they are reserved to breed, as well as every other species of stock; therefore, understand me, whoever steals the most trifling article of stock or provisions shall be punished with death. It will be grievous to my feelings to exercise severity, but the welfare of all demands most rigid execution of the laws." He stopped for a while, and then resumed, in a milder tone: "The work you will be called upon to do will not even equal the

labours of the husbandman at home, but every one of you must and shall do your share towards making the community happy and prosperous. And we shall begin by erecting comfortable dwellings for the officers and men of the Marine detachment, and afterwards suitable houses for yourselves."

Then the Governor spoke in kinder tones, and reminded them that the greater number had already forfeited their lives to their country by their wickedness, but by the leniency of his Majesty's Government they were given this chance to redeem their characters, and he would do all he could for those who deserved his clemency.

Then he concluded by saying, and you may depend upon it that some of us paid strict attention to his words: "I propose, as a means of settling some of you in a comfortable manner, that such among you as appear to

Lieutenant, "and Mary Broad and Bryant are to be married next Sunday."

"It is about time they were, Sir," I replied. "May I make bold to ask if you saw how the young woman behaved herself last Thursday when we were paraded?"

"Oh, yes, I saw them, and I saw nothing to find fault with in Mary's behaviour. She has shown that she is deeply attached to Bryant, and 'twas natural enough she should be pleased to see him. What fault have you to find with her for that?" and he wheeled about and faced me.

"No, fault, Sir, if you think her conduct becoming in a modest young woman," said I somewhat timidly.

"Look here, Dew, my lad, I am afraid that you are a deuced sight too virtuous and easily shocked in matters of love-making to understand such a woman as Mary. I am quite certain that no young woman of your choosing will ever get transported on your account."

I saw that the Lieutenant did not half like my boldness in having been so free with my opinions, so I only saluted by way of reply.

But Mr. Fairfax was only putting me in my proper place, as I, having more sense now, well understood, and he was by no means annoyed with me, for he went on—

"I am going exploring for some days directly, and I sha'n't have much opportunity of seeing you. Remember, Dew, do your duty like a soldier and a man, as you have been doing, and you will get along all right. I have spoken well of you to the officers, and 'tis likely that they will not forget my recommendation. That will do, Dew, for the present. Good-bye."

"Good-bye to you, Sir," said I, and was about to salute again when he caught my hand and shook it, saying—

"'Tis no crime against military law to shake hands with an honest comrade; so let us shake hands first and salute afterwards, then all will be according to Cocker."

Then he slewed on his heel and

walked off, leaving me very much affected by his good-natured condescension.

On Sunday, February the tenth, the Reverend Richard Johnson held divine service under a big tree, the detachment and all the prisoners being paraded to hear the service read.

Then after the service Mr. Collins stepped to the front and read from a piece of paper a list of men and women who were to be married, and the first two names he read out were Mary Broad and William Bryant. When their names were read out, Mary and Bryant stepped forward, and Mr. Fairfax, who was standing with a group of officers near the Governor, smiled encouragingly at them, and the girl's face seemed to me suddenly to grow more beautiful than ever, as her eyes lit up with an answering smile, but yet could I see that her whole frame was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The Governor said a few words in an undertone to the parson, and then he turned to the Lieutenant and said something to him, and the Lieutenant saluted, and I could



"We are not criminals, but as honest as any man or woman here."

wish it, and as are suitable, shall be lawfully married, and begin a new life respectably."

After this we fired three volleys, and all the officers had dinner with the Governor. The detachment was marched back to the cheering sound of drums and fifes to its encampment, and the convicts to their rough huts and tents.

CHAPTER XIV.

WILL BRYANT AND MARY BROAD ARE MARRIED.

The next day or two went by quickly enough. The prisoners were set to work at building, and our detachment was occupied in guarding them.

One afternoon Lieutenant Fairfax came to the guard-tent where I was on duty.

"Dew," said he, "I am afraid you can no longer act as my servant. The Governor says we are to have convict servants in future, and that the redcoats are wanted for duty. I have spoken to the Governor," went on the

see he was explaining to the Governor that these two were the prisoners on whose behalf he had spoken.

Then Captain Phillip bade Will and Mary approach closer to him, and he spoke to them in a kindly way, but not so quietly that we could not hear what he said.

"You, Bryant," said he, "and you, Mary Broad, I have determined shall be the first couple married in the settlement. Lieutenant Fairfax has spoken to me about you, and has told me your history. He says I can take his word for it that you will turn out good settlers. I hope you will justify the interest he takes in you, and that you especially, William Bryant, will remember that in the love of this young woman you have a very sheet-anchor to hold you to a life of honest endeavour and good conduct. I shall take you to be a very poor and paltry fellow indeed, despite your bodily strength, if you go to leeward with such an incentive to a good life as I believe this girl Mary Broad will prove. Now, Mr. Chaplain, proceed with the ceremony."

Will Bryant held up his head, saluted the Governor, and spoke up like a man.

"God bless your Honour! You may rely upon it, Sir, that I will do my duty, and that Mary, here, my wife that is to be, will make me as good a man as you have among us prisoners."

"It will go hard with you, Sir, if she does not make you a better," answered Captain Phillip quickly. But still I saw he was pleased with Bryant's words.

And then Mary, not a whit abashed, although her hands shook and her bosom heaved as she spoke out so that we could all hear her, said—

"And I thank you, Sir, too; and I thank Mr. Fairfax for this good act. But, Sir"—and here her black eyes flashed and sparkled as in the old days, and one hand stole out into Will's—"but, Sir, we are not criminals, but as honest as any man or woman here, bond or free."

"Tut, tut, girl!" said the Governor somewhat impatiently—for how was he to know that Will and Mary were different from any other law-breakers?—and I half feared he would get angry and knock the ceremony on the head at once; but my Lieutenant again said something in a low voice to him, and then he smiled and said—

"Well, well, I know no distinctions at present, but plenty of distinctions will be made in the future as people by their conduct deserve them. Smugglers, thieves, and all the rest of you make a fresh start from to-day. Now, Mr. Chaplain, go ahead and splice them. You know there is a long list of names to go through yet, and we have no time for speech-making over each couple."

Then the parson solemnly read the service, and a ring which was lent by the Governor himself for the purpose was used for the ceremony; but the parson only put it on the woman's finger and took it off again and made it go the rounds, and then returned it to the Governor.

Our Commandant, Major Ross, made a little joke of this about the danger of letting such people see gold rings, and the care the parson took not to let it out of his hands.

But the Commodore soon put a stop to this. Said he, "No, no, Major; no joking, please. These people have feelings, you know, and it is not necessary or seemly to be always reminding them of the past."

And so Mary Broad became Mary Bryant, and as I was marched off from the parade-ground I felt that I had quite got over any weakness I once had in that quarter.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SETTLEMENT AT PORT JACKSON.

In order that I may get to that part of my life's experiences which I wish to relate fully, it is necessary that I give but scant account of what happened in the settlement up to the month of October in the year 1788, when I left it for some months and made a voyage to the Cape of Good Hope in the *Sirius*.

As I have said, Lieutenant King was dispatched in the *Supply*, with stores and implements of all kinds, to form a settlement at Norfolk Island, a very fertile spot situated about three hundred leagues from the mainland, it being in the Governor's mind that the island would grow crops for the main settlement, where the soil was not so good as it was thought to be.

Mr. King took with him Mr. Cunningham, the master's mate of the *Sirius*, Mr. Thomas Jamison, surgeon's mate, Mr. Roger Morley, an adventurer who had been a master weaver, and had volunteered for the expedition to teach the people how to weave flax, which it was thought would thrive well on the island; two Marines and one seaman from my ship, nine male and six female convicts. All the convicts selected were men of good build and strength, for it was thought that, besides their other labours, they should cut down some of the tall pines growing on this island, which might serve to supply masts to ships calling at Port Jackson in the future.

The *Supply* sailed out from between the headlands of Port Jackson on February the fifteenth, and on the seventeenth discovered and named an island after the first Lord of the Admiralty—Lord Howe. This place, though small in extent, is yet of some fertility, and is about one hundred and thirty leagues from the mainland. Although barely two leagues in length, the south end rises to a great height, and about ten miles away is a vast pyramidal rock, which was named after Lieutenant Ball, who commanded

the *Supply*. The expedition arrived safely at Norfolk Island, and the brig returned to port on the nineteenth of March.

Our settlement now began to show signs of progress. The married convicts for the most part were industrious, and the Governor had given to each couple a small plot of land to cultivate; and the Bryants, so I heard, were getting to be well liked for consistent efforts and steady industry. The country all around the cove being so poor, a farm was begun at a place called Rose Hill, some miles up an arm of the waters of Port Jackson; a fine brick house was built for the Governor and a hewn-stone hut for the Lieutenant-Governor; store-houses were also built of stone, and a barracks for our men was begun; meanwhile, both we Marines and our prisoners had to lodge in roughly made huts. Each of our officers was allowed a grant of two acres of land and a convict labourer to cultivate the soil.

Soon after we landed there began a serious difference between our Commandant, Major Ross, and the Governor about the duties of the Marines, and the people in the settlement took sides in the matter. The trouble came about in this way. One of my comrades, Private Joseph Hunt, struck another named Will Dempsey, and was tried by court-martial. The sentence of the Court was that Hunt was either to ask public pardon before the detachment of Dempsey or receive one hundred lashes. The Major regarded this sentence as contrary to military law, because it gave the prisoner a choice of punishments, and ordered the Court to alter the sentence, and this the Court refused to do. Then Major Ross ordered the officers of the Court under arrest, and, as they were wanted for duty, the Governor tried to square the matter between the Major and his officers. The officers held to their sentence, and the Major held to it that he would have them under arrest, and so, after some weeks of persuasion and finding that no good came of it, Captain Phillip ordered the officers to return to their duty. This was the beginning of the trouble between the military and civil authorities, and it lasted till the detachment returned to England, and was a source of great worry and vexation to our good Governor during his time of office, to see men that he liked personally at loggerheads. Major Ross knew his duty, and was perhaps a little sensitive about the dignity of the detachment. He did not, for instance, like the notion of our men being employed as jailers; but Captain Phillip considered that it was our duty to help push the work of building by seeing that the prisoners laboured hard. Our Major thought our duty was simply to form an armed guard for the defence of the settlement against mutiny on the part of the convicts or attacks by the natives. Captain Phillip also wanted our officers to form part of the civil court, but they did not consider their commissions entitled them to act in such a capacity. Another cause of ill-feeling was that the Governor thought it wise to form into constables the better behaved of the prisoners, and some of these fellows had the impudence to make prisoners of some of the men of the detachment, and Major Ross was, as I think he well might be, very indignant about it.

The prisoners were a miserable lot of creatures, who knew little or nothing of agriculture, and less, if possible, of the useful building trades and suchlike arts, and so we progressed very slowly in these things, and suffered many hardships.

We were constantly trying to make friends with the natives, who seemed harmless enough, but very stupid. They were quite naked, and had no habitations, except for a kind of screen made of the bark of trees, which they erected as a protection against the wind and rain, and under the lee of which they lay down. They seldom appeared in numbers exceeding twenty or thirty, and they lived chiefly by fishing. Their only arms were clubs and roughly made spears and a kind of javelin, which they threw at an enemy in such a clever manner that it would describe a circle in the air and return to them. Although they were, as a rule, terribly frightened of our firearms, yet they were by no means to be despised, on account of their treachery, and, indeed, the Governor was actually badly wounded by one of them, who threw his spear at his Excellency with unerring aim; but yet Captain Phillip would never revenge himself upon the savages.

There were no wild beasts or other monsters to add to the terrors of our position, except very ferocious sharks, with which the waters of the bay were infested. There was one curious animal, called a kangaroo, which walked and leapt upon its hind legs in a very diverting manner, and there were hundreds of bright-coloured parrots.

Notwithstanding the Governor's expressed determination to put down crime with a strong hand, one of the sailors of the *Alexander* was caught in some rascality a day or two after our formal landing, and the rascal was drummed out of the camp with his hands tied behind him, our drummer playing the "Rogues' March"; and one of our own men was given one hundred lashes a little later.

I must not forget to mention that the first settler was a prisoner named James Ruse. To him the Governor lent thirty acres of land, at a place called Parramatta; this was in November 1789. This man married and had one child, and being a very industrious man, was able to support himself in a year or so; whereupon his Excellency, being greatly pleased thereat, granted him the land as his own, and it was formally deeded to him on February the twenty-second, 1792, under the name of Experiment Farm.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS ON CRITICISM.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Lord Cockburn begins his *Life of Jeffrey* by calling him "the first of English critics." The words arouse the critical mind to thought. If Jeffrey, with his very limited knowledge, with his yet more limited taste, with the blank places in his perceptions, the numbness, as it were, of many of his sensory nerves, if he, the assailant of Scott, the hammer of Wordsworth, the enthusiast for "The Paradise of Coquettes," if he be the first of British critics, is it worth while to be a British critic at all or to read British criticism? It is a fact that among Jeffrey's reviews of poetry I remember none so enthusiastic as his review of "The Paradise of Coquettes"! As a mere humble retainer of Dame Criticism, the "Paradise" strikes me as a very belated, weak, and cheap imitation of Pope.

But people may say Jeffrey is not the Prince of Criticism. I don't think he is, *de jure*, but he certainly wore the crown. And if not Jeffrey, who is the rightful Prince? If one thinks of Dr. Johnson, who also wore the purple, one remembers, alas! his treatment of "Lycidas," and his general usage of Gray. If we cast our eyes on Mr. Matthew Arnold we cannot forget his preference of "Enoch Arden" to all of Lord Tennyson's poems; his opinion that Shelley's Letters outshine his songs; his apparent inability to admire any contemporary—except Miss Ingelow. To my mind, Miss Ingelow has never had all her reward of renown; still, "there are degrees." As a critic, Addison is too remote, though a taste which went right about Milton and "Chevy Chase" can seldom have gone wrong. Perhaps poets are the best critics, but then one recalls Coleridge on Tennyson's metrical gifts, and Wordsworth's rather marked inability to see more than "a pretty piece of heathenism" in Keats, or good in anything—not his own. We observe Burns in awful admiration of Aikenside, and Scott equalling (quite seriously) Joanna Baillie with Shakspeare, and Byron holding higher than need be the banner of Pope, above such Claudians as Coleridge and Wordsworth and himself. Where we find knowledge, sensitiveness, power, in a critic (as in a great contemporary) we also find want of balance, consistency, and of equable freedom from excess. Where, in brief, is the faultless critic? Who sees literature steadily, and whole, and without personal or other bias? Our contemporaries we cannot judge, of course, but men will pick up a prejudice against the dead even. Nobody is so made that the notes of all good literature have a pre-established harmony with his own chords. There are breaks and jars. Lay the critical lute on a table, and play the famous other lutes beside it (as in Walton's image), it does not respond equally well to all. The world, on the whole, seems wiser than the wisest individual, *securus judicat*.

The young critic, to whom I would tenderly address myself, may reflect on these facts when he feels inclined to be cocksure. A thing *may* be good, though not good for him; just as "Lycidas" is good, though not for Dr. Johnson; and Wordsworth, though not for Jeffrey. I know no more natural temptation than that which whispers to each critic that *he* is right in every case. Yet we see that our betters (for our betters they were, O young men!) were very often wrong, and we, too, may be fallible. Really, when we reflect on it, one wonders that we have the courage to damn a bad novel or a minor poet. The tale *may* be a "Richard Feverel," the poetaster may be a Keats or a Wordsworth. There is a profane tale of Charles Baudelaire bidding someone be very careful with some hideous little South Sea or Gold Coast idol or fetish. "He *may* be the right one!" I think of this when a new poem or novel comes "under my lash." It seems very dull, dirty, pompous, pessimistic, affected, but—it may be the right one! Keats was the right one, so was Wordsworth, so was Shelley, so was Tennyson, and how little our critical fathers knew it! They never recognised "Christabel," the critics. Their failure seems as impossible as if you did not see sunrise, or hear "all the angels singing out of heaven," but they were blind and deaf. Southey "could not see it"; I am not quite sure that Lamb could. "The subtlety of Nature exceeds the subtlety of man," says Bacon, and the manifold subtleties of literature are too varied for the versatility of any individual critic. We all do err, more than *semel insanivimus omnes*. Mr. Browning's later works may be his best; I feel afraid to say "No." Lord Tennyson's dramas may be the most priceless jewels in his crown. *Il ne faut jamais jurer de rien!* I feel quite disgustingly fallible; I wonder anybody ever listens to any of us—not that the public really cares very much for what we say. Still, do let us be careful, especially the young ones. I would willingly hope that they are always quite right, and utter the verdict of the future. Still, they are human, and theirs is an awful responsibility. Not that I am conscious of ever having made a critical mistake myself, even when I differ from them; that is one reason, among others, why I doubt even their infallibility.

After all, though everybody is often wrong, one reads criticism. One reads it, as Mr. Arnold drank wine, because one likes it. One is pleased to hear the response which a work evokes from a reflective, sensitive, and educated mind. It may be a jarring dissonance, or it may be a pleasing cadence. One is curious to hear, one is charmed or vexed, as the case may be.



THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION: PASSAGE OF THE HOUSSA ARTILLERY OVER THE RIVER BUSUM PRAH.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.

Our national interest, which is wholesome, in British military performances on a small scale in Africa or Asia may be sufficiently gratified without any bloodshed—for there is no glory in fighting men of an inferior race—when immediate success has been gained by skilful arrangement and management. Now, King Prempeh, or Qwaku Dua III., of Coomassie, not so valiant as his redoubtable predecessors, has feebly yielded to be led into captivity at a fort on the sea-coast. Let us not overrate the value of this result, which is as yet, probably, only the first necessary step towards the difficult and rather anxious task of establishing and securing British rule over an extensive region of the interior with several powerful chiefs and tribes grouped around the fallen Ashanti empire. The credit mainly belongs to Colonel Sir Francis Scott and to Governor Maxwell, of Cape Coast Castle. Many officers of the expedition, more especially those of the Intelligence Department, commanders of scouting parties, collectors of native auxiliaries, Army Transport Corps, and Army Medical Staff officers, have merited professional rewards. The English soldiers picked out from volunteer privates and non-commissioned officers of nearly twenty infantry regiments, Guards and Line, have well borne the exhausting and somewhat perilous march up country, through a tropical forest amidst foul miasmatic exhalations, by which nearly a hundred men have been stricken with fever. Where the atmosphere is the only formidable enemy, but is hostile in a degree almost inconceivable to those of our countrymen who may have experienced Indian, Soudanese, or South African campaigns, we suppose that a man who goes there and returns without hearing a shot fired has passed through as much danger as in two or three battles. Some, we fear, will not have escaped long injury to their health.

Our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright, contributes to *The Illustrated London News* further sketches of the march from Cape Coast Castle to the river Prah, the boundary of the colony northward on the route to Coomassie. That river, about eighty miles from the coast, flowing from



THE MEN OF THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT DRYING THEIR CLOTHES IN THE SUN IN THEIR QUARTERS AT PRAHSU.

the north-east, turns southward ten or twelve miles below Prahsu, and takes a course direct to the sea, being called in its lower part the Busum Prah. The region to the west of it, comprising portions of Denkerah, Tufel, and Wassau, anciently formed the native Federal Empire of Denkerah, which was overthrown by an Ashanti conqueror early in the eighteenth century. To the east, along the seacoast and forty or fifty miles inland, dwell the Fanti tribes, under the immediate rule of Cape Coast Castle. Proceeding towards the interior, we find the nations of Assin and Akim on the left or near bank of the Upper Prah.

Our repeated hostilities with the Ashanti kingdom,

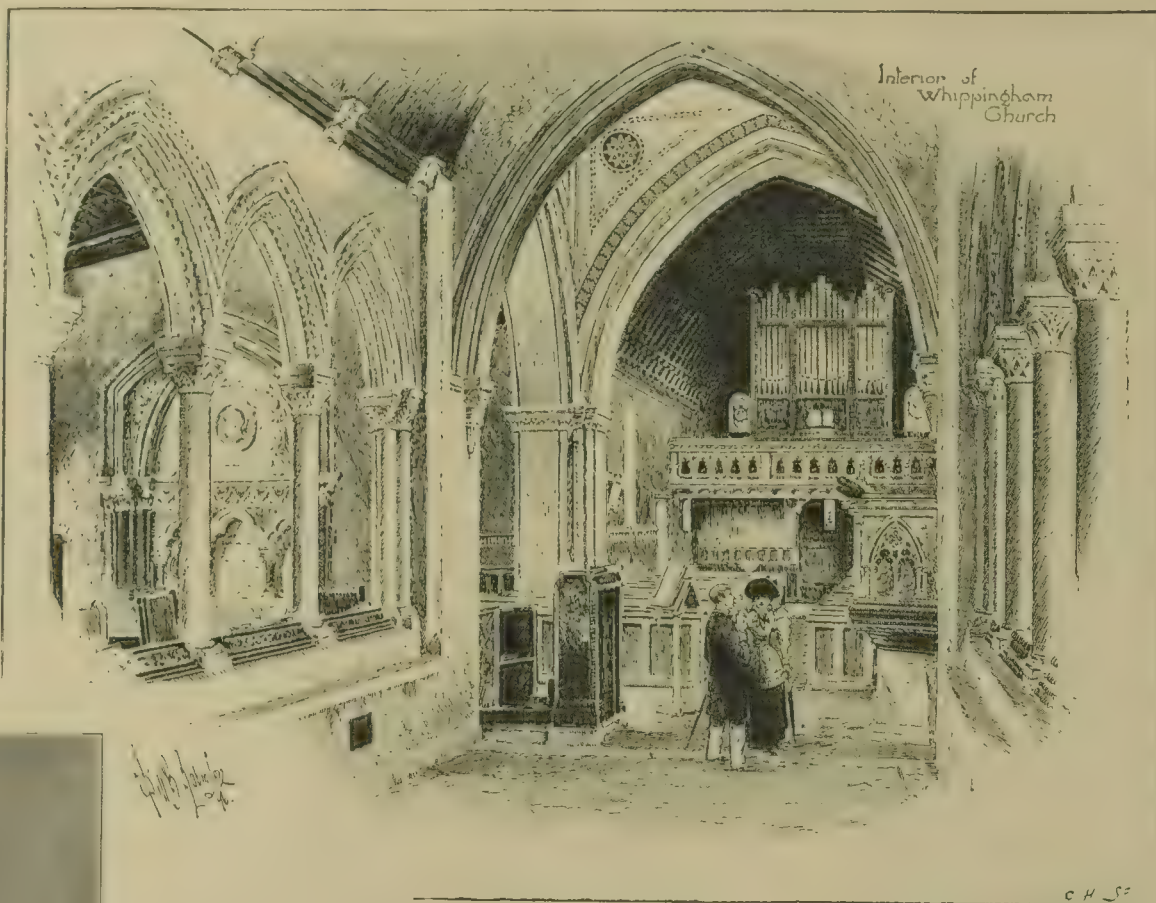
beginning more than seventy years ago, and sometimes very fierce, have always been caused by the attempts of its rulers to subdue those nations and tribes which live between the Ashanti frontier and the sea. The only pretext for their incursions, and the immediate occasion of the war of 1874, was a claim of access to the coast, with



THE SPECIAL SERVICE CORPS RECEIVED BY COLONEL SIR FRANCIS SCOTT AND STAFF ON ITS ARRIVAL AT PRAHSU.

sovereignty over its natives, based upon the misinterpretation of a treaty made with the Dutch Governor of Elmina, near Cape Coast Castle, before Elmina was transferred to the British dominions. On the defeat of King "Coffee Calcalli" (Kwofi Karikari) by Sir Garnet Wolseley, in that campaign, at the battles of Amoafu and Ordahsu, he renounced for ever all such claims; and the rulers of the Denkira, Assin, Akim, Adansi, and other inland territories became allies of the British Government. The Ashanti King promised also to pay a thousand ounces of gold for the costs of that war. It cannot be supposed for a moment that the failure to pay this debt has been the real occasion for sending the recent expedition. The fact is that King Prempeh, who has reigned since 1887, and whose dominions still included the warlike States of Bekweh, Nsuta, Mampon, Djuabin, and Kokofu, has of late been preparing forces to recover the former empire over those of Adansi and Denkira, which had come under British protection.

It was to check these intrigues and this intended aggression that Governor Maxwell last year proposed the sending of a British Political Resident to Coomassie; and the refusal to admit one, with the evasive answers to other inquiries, was encountered by a declaration of war. Prempeh, having been deserted by the Bekweh and Kokofu chiefs, and being opposed by the Adansi and Denkira, could not muster half the imperial forces that his uncle, a bolder and abler man, led forth in 1873. His cowardice, too, seems to have disgusted his chief supporters, and if he had fled from his capital they might have put



WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH.

THE FUNERAL OF PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

In anticipation of the mournful ceremony with which the mortal remains of the lamented Prince, who died of the effects of West African fever contracted in the Ashanti Expedition, are laid in their tomb near the island home of the Queen and of his sorrowing widow, it seems appropriate to describe the situation of Osborne House and Whippingham Church. On the north shores of the Isle of Wight, at the point nearly opposite to the entrance to Southampton Water on the Hampshire coast, the estuary of the small river Medina, dividing West Cowes from East Cowes, merges in the well-known straits called the Solent and Spithead. The latter, farther eastward, where Ryde stands nearly opposite to Portsmouth, is the roadstead for the ordinary anchorage of ships of the Royal Navy; while the Solent affords passage to the ocean steam-traffic of Southampton, and West Cowes, in August, is the headquarters of summer yachting. Although not fronting the open sea, her Majesty's chosen marine residence at East Cowes thus has the advantage of being within sight of frequent and various interesting assemblages of vessels on the neighbouring waters, and this corner of the island, occupied by several parks with two or three adjacent rural hamlets, is secluded from the multitude of common

visitors and tourists. The manorial estate of Osborne, anciently named Oysterbourne, was purchased by the Queen and the Prince Consort in 1840, and with subsequent additions includes about five thousand acres of land, forming a peninsula of rising ground bounded on three sides by the waters of the Solent and the Medina, and extending southward to the high road from Newport to Ryde. The mansion erected for her Majesty's abode is a stately building in the Italian style, with a flag-tower 112 ft. high and a campanile at the other end of its front. The gardens, terraces, and lawns descending to the shore of the Solent are beautiful, and the demesne behind includes a model farm, and woods or plantations in which pheasants and other game are preserved. A mile to the south of Osborne House, and near the banks of the Medina, is the hamlet of Whippingham, with the parish church, always attended on Sunday by the



Photo Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND HIS DAUGHTER PRINCESS VICTORIA OF BATTENBERG.

him to death. So it came to pass, after the scenes represented in our Illustrations—the bustle of starting our little army from Cape Coast Castle, the sending up of boxes of stores on the heads of Fanti carriers, the advance of the Houssa armed police, the arrival of the Special Service Corps, good English soldiers, at Prahsu, and their further march, with a road and bridges already made by the Royal Engineers and huts for their accommodation—that they quietly occupied Coomassie. Two days later, on Jan. 20, the troops were drawn up in the open square in that town of thatched huts; and there sat Mr. Maxwell, Sir Francis Scott, and Colonel Kempster upon three biscuit-boxes, waiting to speak to his Majesty, who was fetched out of his palace by Captain Donald Stewart with a guard of the Yorkshire Regiment. The Governor, through an interpreter, reminded Prempeh of his broken promises, and demanded fifty thousand ounces of gold. Prempeh said he had only got 680 ounces, which the Governor did not believe. His Excellency then ordered that the King, with his father and mother, his brother, his two uncles, two of his war-chiefs, and the Kings of Mampon, Ejesu, and Offinsu, should be respectfully conducted down to the coast. John and Albert Ansa, English-speaking Princes of the royal family, who were lately in London with a forged treaty to deceive our Government, were handcuffed as criminals and sent to Cape Coast Castle for trial.

We make no doubt that Prempeh and his family will personally be treated well, and his life will be safer at Elmina than at Coomassie. Knowing the past history of Ashanti warfare, it may well be understood that this expedition, in which not one man has been killed, if it has prevented a renewal of the sanguinary conflicts between different native tribes, has saved thousands of human lives. But the conquest of the Ashanti territories is likely to be an unprofitable and burdensome acquisition.

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Photo Hughes and Mullins, Ryde.

WHIPPINGHAM CHURCH, ISLE OF WIGHT, THE BURIAL PLACE OF H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

LITERATURE.

MEDIÆVAL VIRGIL.

Virgil in the Middle Ages. By Domenico Comparetti. Translated by E. M. I. Benecke, with Introduction by Robinson Ellis. (Swan Sonnenschein.)—Signor Comparetti, in a work of such amazing learning and of so complete a scholarship as almost to strike dumb the lips of criticism, has traced for us the gradual development of what we may call the Virgilian legend. The book is divided into two equal parts; the first part dealing with the Virgil of literary tradition, and the second part with the Virgil of popular legend.

Even during his own lifetime Virgil, the ideal poet, the exponent of the purest patriotism and of the perfection of national sentiment, the immortal Mantuan, whose great national poem became the criterion of style and technique as well as of language and metre, was regarded with almost idolatrous devotion. After his death, as years went on, this devotion became more extravagant, for the degenerate citizen of imperial Rome never quite lost his pride in the Eternal City of his race, and of its greatness Virgil had sung as no other poet of antiquity. So his fame was far beyond the comprehension of a later age, and his traditional greatness so far misunderstood that he came to be regarded with almost superstitious veneration, and we find under the Antonines the custom of inquiring the future by opening at random a volume of Virgil, just as in former times Homer and the Sibylline books and, at a later period, the Bible, were consulted. When Rome became the centre of Christendom, the system of education continued practically unchanged, and Virgil still remained the great text-book of the schools, and, as the poet celebrant of Rome, by a not unnatural transition, became the poet celebrant of Christianity and of Christ.

The legend of Virgil the magician originated among the common people at Naples, and had nothing to do with literature or poetry. In it Virgil is no longer the poet, but the thaumaturge and the man of spells and incantations. It was a popular superstition connected with Virgil's long stay in Naples, and the celebrity of his tomb in that city; but the fantastic elements of the subsequent legends were not introduced into literature by Italians but by foreigners. We have only space left to recommend cordially this fascinating book, and to congratulate Mr. Benecke on his admirable translation from the original.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

The Household of Sir Thomas More. With an introduction by the Rev. W. H. Hutton. (John Nimmo.)—For the first time in the history of this charming book, it is presented to the public in a classical guise, with fitting introduction, and some allusion at least to its author. "Almost all that her wishes suffer us to know is that she was sister of Mr. William Oke Manning, to whom she affectionately dedicated the fourth edition of the book which is now reprinted; that she was never married; and that she was a genuine student and an indefatigable writer on historical and literary subjects." Her book has deservedly enlisted the admiration and sympathy of every class of reader. There are few among what may be called the minor characters of history so delightful and lovable as Margaret Roper, the best beloved daughter of the great and magnanimous Chancellor, Thomas More. Miss Manning's work consists of a kind of diary purporting to be written by Margaret Roper, from the early period of her scholarship days down to that gloomy and dark catastrophe which cut down the life and work of her father, too honourable to sell his honour, too upright to bend against his conscience. From beginning to end this record never lacks consistency and verisimilitude. The characters of all that intimate household are carefully realised, and presented with a vivaciousness and a literary sincerity which are beyond praise. We do not say that the book is more than its modest author would have claimed for it; but, as the picture of a real character through the methods of fiction, the work has a delicacy, a refinement, and a tenderness which are touching and even tragic in their effects. The pathos of the end is nearly intolerable.

FAIRY TALES RETOLD.

Fairy Tales Far and Near. By A. T. Quiller Couch. (Cassell and Co.)—Mr. Quiller Couch is an old lover of the fairies, and there will be many to welcome this admirably edited book of his. No good fairy tales should rightly be described as new; yet, in a sense, many of these translations and adaptations are delightfully original. We would take the story entitled "Prince Hatt Under the Earth" as an instance. Here is a pretty *olla podrida* with a slight favour of Cavallius and Stephens and of Thorpe in "Yule-Tide Stories"; of the unsurpassable "Beauty and the Beast"; and last, but not least, of "The Speaking Bird, the Singing Tree, and the Yellow Water" of "The Thousand and One Nights." In "The Three Robes of Wonder" we have a translation from M. Carnoy's "Traditions Populaires de l'Asie Mineure"; and again in "Blue Beard" Mr. Couch has been content to go back to the only source—Charles Perrault. "The Heart of Hair" is a Polish tale, exceedingly well told, and in all his adaptations of Grimm "Q" has been altogether successful. It may be objected that a fairy tale is not always the better for elaborate literary treatment. We confess that Mr. Couch is inclined to foster unduly the child's usually well developed taste for slaughter and sudden death. There is a passage in his translation of "Bluebeard" which is bloodthirsty enough for the ripest appetite; yet he has preserved, on the whole, a sound simplicity of language, and has evidently been at great pains to give us the old wine in some very pretty new bottles. No one probably wants new fairy tales. The mere suggestion is an outrage. It is well enough to set the scene with new wings and a new back-drop; but the old properties—the seven-league boots, the flying carpet, and the sword invincible—must all be forthcoming. Mr. Couch is well aware of this, and while we may regret that he has not included more of the old favourites in his volume, it is impossible to give it other than a hearty welcome.

STORIES FROM WAGNER.

Wagner's Heroes. By Constance Maud. (Arnold.)—It is a little difficult to see what purpose is served by the publication of these stories from Wagner, except they be for the use of Wagnerites whose limited knowledge of German precludes them from a full comprehension of the plots on which the master embroidered his musical harmonies. These are the people that buy the libretto of "King Arthur" at the Lyceum, and the Irving Shakspeare, their action being only a form of hero-worship. But doubtless "Wagner's heroes"—Parsifal, Lohengrin, Tannhäuser—have attracted their due proportion of women adorers, when they were enacted by Alvary and Mr. David Bispham. But most literary folk are fairly conversant with the old legends of Germany that Wagner selected as a basis for his dramatic pieces. In Miss Maud's version of these stories we find no particular beauty of style, no poetical aptness of expression which would justify her re-telling of them. The reader who reads between the lines can judge for himself how the stories, even as told by Miss Maud, are full of strong dramatic situations, but we must go to the opera to realise the full significance of them. One wants to see the Flower Maidens winding their sorceries round Parsifal, to see the vaporous altar-fires folding round the Grail; one wants to hear the wonderful emotional music which makes all strange things seem natural, all these primitive incidents human. Mr. Grenville Fell's illustrations are in a well-known style—we cannot say of his own, since in this profusion of pot-pourri bowls of legendary literature that floods the market at Christmas we have had a surfeit of the method introduced once by Mr. Walter Crane, and since worthily pursued by Mr. J. D. Batten. Mr. Fell comes in a bad third.

FOLK-LORE.

An Introduction to Folk-Lore. By Marian Roalfe Cox. (David Nutt.)—To all such as may ask what is the meaning and scope of folk-lore this little book gives clear and concise answer. Like the eternally quoted Monsieur Jourdain, who found to his surprise that he had been talking prose all his life, we may learn from Miss Cox's pages that we have been speaking and exemplifying folk-lore to an extent undreamed of. Much that we do in jest our forefathers did in grim and sober earnest. For they were the slaves of fear, as we all are in the degree that ignorance of a thing awakens dread of its possible powers of mischief. As in the moral world, "perfect love casts out fear," so in the material world knowledge banishes dread. And therein lies the reason why superstitions, both gross and harmless, flourish in our midst to this day; even the well-informed talking of luck and ill luck, as if some element of chance inhered in certain things. And what is brought out with clearness in this book is the general principle underlying all belief in magic, charms, odd coincidences, and the like. It is that everything, whether living or non-living, is or may be the seat of personal life and will. Where the barbaric mind sees motion it sees also life, and hence, by stages easy to follow, it believes in spirits indwelling everywhere, whether in rolling stone or drifting cloud or rushing water, and to these it attributes all the harm and evil which befall. Hence, too, the numberless devices to avert the maleficence of enemies, and to counteract the baleful qualities of things. Our collections of country folk-lore abound in examples of charms against the "evil eye," because the "overlooking" by a witch will make the cattle sick, spoil a dress, turn the butter sour, and, far worse, cause a healthy child to waste away and die. Very active, also, to this day among injured rustics and betrayed maidens are the essentially barbaric practices of wreaking vengeance on the wrongdoer through some inanimate object. The most notable form of this is to make a rude wax or clay figure of the offender, and then stick pins into it, in the belief that as the waxen effigy melts, or as the clay figure wastes away when set in running water, so the hated person, pricked to the heart, will shrivel to his death. Sometimes it suffices to secure hairs of the victim's head, or clippings of his nails, or his portrait—even his name—as vehicles whereby he can be injured. Enough that of all this, as of the strange vagaries into which man has been led, abundant illustrations are given in this entertaining book.

A SENSATIONAL ITALIAN NOVEL.

A Woman's Folly. By Gemma Ferruggia. Translated from the Italian by Helen Zimmern. (William Heinemann.)—According to Mr. Edmund Gosse, who prefixes to it a brief introduction, this latest addition to its publisher's "International Library" has "produced an extraordinary sensation" abroad, though the previous productions of its author attracted no particular notice. She is an Italian, and writes in Italian; the personages and scenery are also Italian; and in its fervour and passion, as in the savagery of some of its incidents, it may be called ultra-Italian. There is power of a kind in the volume, but it is not pleasant reading. Mr. Gosse regards it as a product of the literature inspired by the "emancipated woman," and as a protest unsurpassable in intensity against the universal wickedness of men and their always and wholly baleful influence on the sex to which the author belongs. But perhaps this will not be the impression left on the reader's mind by a perusal of the book. For instance, the father of the three damsels who are jointly and severally the heroines of the novel is a most excellent person, like his wife, of whom his daughters are not worthy. The eldest of them, who alone of the three tells most of her own story, is a flighty young lady of a kind unimaginable out of fiction. She boasts of possessing a "double personality" and a sort of second sight, which proved anything but a blessing to her. Marrying a man whom she neither loves nor dislikes, she foresees from the first his eventual infidelity, and for seven years harbours an amiable resolve to murder him as soon as she is certain of his guilt. At last she shoots him dead in the presence of her rival, also a married woman, but is acquitted by a too indulgent jury. Another sister is a saint; but if she falls she is not only a willing, but an urgent victim. The

third sister insists on marrying, rather against his will, a handsome peasant on her father's estate, and, persecuted by his brother—a strongly drawn character—betrays her husband. At the close the ultimate fate of the three sisters is left uncertain. The story is simply an unedifying and seemingly purposeless exhibition of unbridled passion in woman as well as man. The translation is an excellent one, and reads like an original.

A LITERARY LETTER.

I have received from Mr. Frank Hollings, of the Great Turnstile, Holborn, a very daintily printed bibliography of Tennyson, more or less brought up to date from the Tennyson bibliography which was issued by Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd some ten years ago. A brief preface, which is signed "R.," speaks of Mr. Shepherd as in some sense the inventor of modern bibliography, and it may be that his work, as a whole, made for good and sound book-hunting. Every Tennyson collector will be glad to have this little volume, but as only two hundred and fifty have been printed, some must needs be disappointed.

There are several errors of omission which strike one in a hasty glance through the book. Nothing, for example, is said about the Dedication of the "Idylls of the King" to the Prince Consort. This is a four-page pamphlet which was issued after the first edition of the "Idylls" had appeared without a dedication, in order that purchasers might bind it in their copies. We are told that "Lucretius" was published in May 1868, and that it was reprinted in "The Holy Grail, and Other Poems" of 1870; but the compiler evidently knows nothing of a little volume entitled "Lucretius" which was printed at Cambridge, Massachusetts, for private circulation in 1868, and of which more than one copy may be found in the libraries of English book-collectors. A more serious omission is that of the little volume entitled "Morte d'Arthur, Dora, and Other Idylls," which bears the imprint of Edward Moxon and the date 1842.

Perhaps a more astonishing error, considering that Mr. Herne Shepherd's name is on the title-page of the bibliography, is the absence of any record of a transaction in which that gentleman was concerned. It will be remembered that Lord Tennyson brought an action against Mr. Herne Shepherd in connection with the publication in 1875 of an unauthorised edition of "The Lover's Tale, and Other Poems," and Mr. Shepherd had to pay one hundred pounds damages and to withdraw the book. It is not generally known that the enterprising pirate reprinted this little volume. It might have been thought that he was only disposing of copies in stock, as the booklet bears the same date; but that it was reprinted is evidenced by the fact that the type is different, the pagination is different, and there is some small rearrangement of the poems. No note whatever of this reprint is made in the bibliography before me.

The American edition of "Lucretius" deserves a note. It contains an introduction by Mr. J. Ticknor Fields ("J. T. F."), from which I learn that the poem was published in Boston, in a journal called *Every Saturday*, as well as in *Macmillan's Magazine*. As some time passed without a reprint of "Lucretius," Mr. Fields tells us that he thought it would be pleasant to give his friends a few copies, and that he did so is the gain of bibliographers, inasmuch as there are certain variations between the London and the Boston versions of the poem; and Mr. Fields has thus put on record an additional two or three lines which were not in the London issue and are not in the republished poem.

It is strange also to find the bibliographer confessing that he has never seen a copy of the "Suppressed Poems of Tennyson," as he quite inaccurately entitles the little volume which the late Mr. Dykes Campbell compiled and privately printed for his friends in 1862. The book bears the title of "Poems, 1830-1833." I think I could find half-a-dozen copies within the London cab radius, were there not one in my own library. I must add a word also for another volume on my shelves, but not in the bibliography—the satin-bound "Souvenir Edition" of "The Foresters," which Mr. Augustin Daly gave to a happy few. This is the true *Editio Princeps* of the book, as copies were in the hands of London collectors before Macmillan's edition was printed.

Mr. Swinburne has omitted two stanzas in the penny edition of "A Word for the Navy," which has just been published by Mr. George Redway; and, as has been already stated, a certain line has been modified. Instead of—

Smooth France, as a serpent for rancour,
Dark Muscovy, girded with guile,

which appears in the edition of 1887, we have—

Smooth France, as a serpent for rancour,
Strong Germany, girded with guile,

in the edition of 1896. It might be thought that this was a compliment to the German Emperor's telegram, but curiously enough the original manuscript, which is in the possession of Mr. Thomas Wise, the well-known book-collector, contains the words "Strong Germany" and not "Dark Muscovy," and at least two copies of the five hundred which composed the edition of 1887 were printed with the reference to Germany instead of the reference to Russia. One of these copies is in the British Museum, and the other was sold by Mr. Pearson, of Pall Mall, some time back. Mr. Pearson's copy fetched several guineas, instead of five shillings, solely on account of this one verbal variation.

Mrs. George Augustus Sala is busily engaged upon a complete biography of her husband. The book will not be ready for many months, but as it will contain a large number of his letters, and it is known that Mr. Sala was a most pungent letter-writer, one may be quite sure that it will be one of the most interesting books of the season in which it appears.

C. K. S.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Seppings Wright.



SING-SONG AT PRAHSU.



H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG WALKING THROUGH A BAMBOO SWAMP ON THE ROAD FROM AKROFUL TO PRAHSU.

THE FUNERAL OF PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG.

Sketches by our Special Artists, Mr. Roland Tringham and Mr. P. T. Jase.



THE ARRIVAL OF H.M.S. "BLENHEIM" AT PORTSMOUTH, WITH THE BODY OF PRINCE HENRY ON BOARD.

H.M.S. "Blenheim," with the embalmed body of Prince Henry of Battenberg on board, anchored at Spithead at 5.30 on the morning of Feb. 4, having covered the distance from Madeira to Portsmouth, where she arrived the day before, at an average speed of twenty-one knots. At 10.20 she came abreast of the south jetty of the dockyard, where she was awaited by Admiral Sir Nevill Salmon. The coffin was lying in the Commander's cabin on the first deck in the after part of the vessel, covered with a Union Jack.



THE TRANSFER OF THE BODY OF PRINCE HENRY FROM THE "BLENHEIM" TO THE "ALBERTA."

At two o'clock the yacht "Alberta" arrived in Portsmouth harbour from Cork, bearing on board Princess Beatrice, Princess Christian, Prince Francis Joseph of Battenberg, Prince Louis of Battenberg, the Duke of Connaught, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, who were at once conveyed on board the "Blenheim." The Bishop of Winchester read a short service over the coffin, which was then carried on to the jetty, and thence by a gangway on to the "Alberta," followed by the mourners. The yacht was met by the "Victoria and Albert," and escorted to Cork.



A ROYAL LUNCHEON PARTY AT WINDSOR: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, WITH PRINCE AND PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND THEIR CHILDREN,

After a Photograph from Life by Mary Steen.

THE LAND OF THE GOLDEN NUGGET

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JULIUS M. PRICE.
THIRTEENTH LETTER.

A PEEP AT GERALDTON AND THE MURCHISON DISTRICT.

A few days in the charming sylvan surroundings of Guilford, with unlimited fresh milk, new laid eggs, vegetables, and other—to us—luxuries, were sufficient to pull us both round and almost make us forget the unpleasant experiences of the bush; for it undoubtedly takes much less time to get reacquainted to one's ordinary method of life than to get reconciled even to ever so short a period of "roughing it," and as we lounged about the shady verandah while smoking our cigars after dinner, the feeling of relief at having no utensils to wash up and no bed to make was almost worth the hardships to experience. Still, we had not got out of the wood entirely unscathed, for Nevill's touch of "sandy blight" showed so little signs of abating that the doctor strongly recommended him not to attempt the journey to Murchison, so he decided to leave me to go on alone, and join him later in Melbourne. This was a disappointing finish to the trip, but unavoidable, so I lost no time in getting on and completing my projected tour.

From Perth to Cue, the capital of the Murchison district, though only a distance of about 650 miles, occupies no less than four days, and even much longer if the connecting link in the train and coach service is missed. The first stage is from Perth to Geraldton on the Midland Railway, which takes about sixteen hours; from there to Mullewa, by the Government line, about four hours; thence by coach to Cue, three days and two nights. So it will be seen it is quite a long journey.

I had heard it remarked—and very smartly, I thought—that Western Australia is a lovely country "to sleep through," and even for that reason the advent of the railway would be a boon. I had had so much "bushing it" during the past two months that no sooner on board the train, comfortably ensconced in the corner of a first-class compartment, than I at once realised the truth of this remark, and slept soundly and delightfully through many a weary mile of country probably precisely similar to what I have already so often described to you; for although some hundreds of miles from the Coolgardie district, the scenes I saw while awake presented exactly the same characteristics, and therefore offered no attraction whatever of novelty. Geraldton was reached late that night, and I put up at a fairly comfortable hostelry named The Freemasons. I found I had missed the "connecting link," so had thirty-six hours to spare, as the train to Mullewa only runs three times a week. For this I was not sorry, as it gave me an opportunity to see this rising and interesting port. To wake up next morning and find oneself overlooking the sea, and with a bracing salt breeze coming in at the open window, was simply delightful, so I hurried through my toilet in order to make the most of my short stay in the place.

The first effect Geraldton produced on me was that of some old Italian town, its picturesque appearance being in marked contrast to the corrugated iron huts which so pall on one up at the "fields," several fine buildings giving a good ensemble to the streets, while added to this pleasing impression is a look of business which stamps it at once in the mind of the visitor as a very rising port. The outlet for all the immense agricultural, pastoral, and mineral districts around, as well as being the nearest point to the Murchison Gold-fields, Geraldton can be looked upon as perhaps the most important seaport town on this part of the coast. With a population of about 1500, which is continually increasing, there can be but little doubt that in a very few years it will be a large and thriving city, and the metropolis of one of the most energetic provinces of Western Australia. There is a regular service of steamers between it and the northern and southern parts of the colony. The fine steam-ships of Messrs. Huddart Parker and Co., Alfred Holt's Blue Funnel Line, Messrs. Trinder, Anderson, and Co., and the Adelaide Steam-ship Company make this their port of call, the harbour being large and easy of entrance by night or day. Big works, I learnt, are projected, and when complete will allow of the largest boats to come close up to the town. When the time arrived to catch the train for Mullewa I had done the "lions" of Geraldton—that is to say, I managed to get a rough, sketchy idea of the place, and was most favourably impressed.

From Geraldton to Mullewa, the first portion of the route presents a certain amount of interest from the fact of the line skirting the seashore for a short distance, but after this comes the usual bush covered plains, and sleeping is the only pleasant method of whiling away the time. Mullewa is not unlike Southern Cross, only worse; for the flies and the heat and the dust make it almost unbearable. I had to stay a night there, the coach leaving next morning, and certainly the "hotel" was in keeping with its surroundings, being the most filthy and uncomfortable place imaginable, though clean in comparison with what one

has to put up with on the road to Cue and in that town itself. The coach journey, a distance of 290 miles, as I said before, occupies three days and two nights, and is accomplished in the most ramshackle vehicle ever dignified with the name of coach. For the return journey the excessively modest charge of fifteen pounds is made. Comment on this extortion is needless, more especially as the railway will soon be along the route, and so bring the coach proprietors to a proper sense of their own importance. I will not weary you with more than a most sketchy account of this trip. Western Australia, as you will have realised long ere this, is not a country prolific in either artistic or literary material, for once one part has been described it will, in most instances, suffice for the whole. True there are here and there slight variations; for instance, certain trees are only indigenous to certain areas, the same being the case with shrubs and wild flowers; while rocks and barren howling wastes are found on all sides; but as an ensemble the effect is everywhere the same, and the impression therefore depressing in the extreme. Perhaps the one relieving feature on this road is the comparative abundance of water; at any rate, this appeared to me to be the case, for "soaks" and "wells" were all well stocked at the time. I learnt, however, that this was in a great measure owing to exceptionally heavy rain during the preceding winter, and that although water is never altogether scarce, as in other parts of the colony, it was not always so plentiful as at this particular moment. The quality of this water varied very considerably, in some places being quite brackish, in others delightfully fresh and drinkable. It was curious to note how, in spite of this, for Western Australia, unusual abundance of subterranean water, the prolonged drought had affected the trees. In many districts we passed through there had not been, I learnt, a "good season" for rain for nearly eight years, and, in consequence, on thousands of acres all the trees and shrubs had died from want of water. It was a depressing sight, these miles of dead trees, and

where we changed horses and usually stopped for meals, the less said the better, for with but one exception they were the worst I have seen in the country, which is saying a great deal. We had to sleep at two of them—one was excellent in its way as a "bush pub"; the other consisted merely of a few huts infested with flies, and so hot and dirty as to make sleeping on the ground out in the open air preferable to the stuffy interior. All this was, as may be imagined, "roughing it" with a vengeance; still we were, coming and going, a lively and jovial crew on board the coach; for on both occasions we had ladies with us, and it is therefore almost unnecessary to add that they in a great measure conduced to render agreeable what would otherwise have been an exceedingly unpleasant trip.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Mr. Childers, who was so mysteriously prosperous as a politician, was a strong Churchman, a fact which no doubt greatly commended him to Mr. Gladstone. He was at first a staunch opponent of Disestablishment; but ultimately, when one of the members for Edinburgh, was led to assent in a half-hearted way to the Disestablishment of the Church of Scotland.

Dr. A. Schofield, in an address delivered at Sion College on "The Clergy as Teachers of Sanitation," mentioned some startling facts. He said that two hundred thousand needless and premature deaths took place every year. Only one in eight died really natural deaths, and the premature deaths of at least half the rest were preventible. The spread of hygiene had, however, already greatly lengthened our days. Twenty was the average age in last century, now it was forty-two for a man and forty-four for a woman.

Some comment is being made on the action of the South London Nonconformist ministers in presenting an address to the new Bishop of Rochester. The Bishop is well known as a decided High Churchman, and has already made his

position in that respect clear by requesting the Rev. J. B. Barracough, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Lambeth, not to give a promised address at the ordination of a new pastor for Ashford Congregational Church. The Nonconformist ministers, however, frankly recognise the diversity of judgment which exists, and lay stress on the Bishop's action in Leeds as a philanthropist. It is in Christian philanthropy that they offer to co-operate with him. In Leeds the Bishop had the goodwill of the Nonconformist ministers and maintained friendly personal relations with them.

It is somewhat funny in the *Guardian* to review elaborately Mrs. Lilly Grove's book on "Dancing," in the Badminton Library, and to remark solemnly that "her chapter on the ballet might have been expanded into a whole volume, and in fact the worst faults of the book arise from the attempt to put too much into a limited space."

The Rev. W. M. Lewis, of St. Jude's, Birmingham, had a remarkable career. He was confirmed in the Church of England, but became a member of the Baptist communion, and began preaching for that denomination. He preached three sermons every Sunday when little over seventeen years of age, travelling on horseback from twenty to thirty miles a day to do so. Ultimately he became pastor of a Baptist congregation at Bridgwater. From conscientious motives he severed his connection with it, and travelled abroad for three years. Meanwhile his old love for the Church of England returned, and he was ordained in Worcester Cathedral in 1880. He made himself a host of friends in Birmingham, but it was discovered recently that he was a victim to cancer, and that only temporary relief could be afforded.

The Rev. J. Cooper, D.D., a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church of England, has been delivering an address to the North Test Valley Clerical Society. In the course of it he says, "There has always been a root of Catholic feeling as well as of Catholic doctrine among us, and if it is now springing up with considerable vigour it is because it was there before." Dr. Cooper is of opinion that many members of the Church of England are friendly to Episcopacy.

A new Bible dictionary in four volumes is to be published by Messrs. J. and T. Clark, of Edinburgh. Professor Sanday is to write the article on Jesus Christ; Professor Robertson, of Glasgow, who is conservative in his views, is to write the article on the Old Testament; Professor Margoliouth will write on the language of the Old Testament. The list of contributors circulated promises fairly well, and the work is evidently intended to be reasonably conservative.

In arranging for an additional Bishop in Japan, the Archbishop of Canterbury has made a new departure, and has resisted the claim of the Church Missionary Society to retain the nomination of the Bishop in its own hands. The Church Missionary Society thinks that there is a danger of Bishops being appointed who would not be in sympathy with the bulk of the Church work in their dioceses.



DEPARTURE OF THE MAIL AT CUE, MURCHISON DISTRICT.

gave a good idea of the enormous natural difficulties the agriculturist would have to overcome if ever these wastes are taken up. In spite, however, of the general uninteresting aspect, there were here and there "bits," as it were, which afforded some welcome contrast, and, if only for this reason, made the route slightly less wearisome, though they scarcely compensated for the long and tiring journey.

At the little townships of Yalgoo and Mount Magnet we stopped to change horses, and remained long enough at each place to get a sort of rough idea of the mines of the district. Of course, it goes without saying that out here everybody's individual mine or district is the most promising. It does not require a lengthy visit to discover this. I was therefore somewhat agreeably surprised to notice that the reefs in both these places appeared to be composed of identical stone, as far as colour went, to that of Menzies. I can but hope for the two places that this may turn out really to be the case, for then their fortunes are assured.

We also passed other mining districts which have been favourably prominent before the public recently—foremost among which being the island in the centre of Lake Austin, on which I learnt are several flourishing concerns. At most of these they had all their machinery up, and batteries could be heard on all sides; in fact, the Murchison district appears to have got out of the developing stage much more rapidly than the Coolgardie fields. Perhaps this may be owing to freight on this side having always been lower, and in consequence of water and horse feed being easily obtainable on the road.

Sport was evidently to be had everywhere almost; for we saw many kangaroos, wild turkeys (bustards), wild duck, and quail, while round many of the pools were ibis and cranes—all of which was an improvement, if one may be permitted the expression, on the Coolgardie road, where no sign of life of any sort ever disturbed the stillness of the bush. On the road itself were also noticeable now and again subjects worthy of a sketch, such as, for instance, heavy carts drawn by teams of camels; while on one occasion we met the first team of oxen ever seen in Western Australia, and on another a gang of native prisoners on their way down country. About the "post-houses,"

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Every now and then the newspaper reader is startled by a paragraph in this or that publication to the effect that a man or a woman has died amidst the most sordid surroundings, and that his room, his hovel, or his den was found to contain a vast sum of money. And the world, which nowadays is eminently bent upon minding its own business, passes on to the next paragraph, probably not knowing and caring less that that man or woman was as mad as the most incurable inmate of Bedlam or Hanwell. Why should the world care? "Avarus, nisi cum moritur, nil recte facit," wrote Publius Syrus, which, put into plain English, means, "Nothing in life becomes the miser so well as the leaving of it."

Why should the world care? The miser is no earthly good while alive; the chances are a hundred to one that at his death his wealth will go to a quarter where it is productive of positive harm. For if it be possible, he will bequeath it to the least deserving of his relations—that is, to relations suffering from the same disease. Should he die without a will and without kith and kin, the money will revert to the Crown, and assuredly the Crown has enough without it. We say nothing of the chances of a kinsman ten times removed turning up, in which case the lawyers get a considerable slice of the inheritance; and if the lawyers be anything like that delectable trio depicted by Samuel Warren in "Ten Thousand a Year," society would be none the worse if his wealth had been buried with the miser. For the instances of a Thomas Guy are rare, though not absolutely unique, and if the truth were known, nine-tenths of the real, unalloyed misers would prefer to have their hoards in their coffins to leaving them behind. They only refrain from the attempt to formulate such a desire because they know or suspect that the law would interfere.

Nevertheless, I have heard of one who did make an attempt in that direction. He left the bulk of his property to his nephew, whose name I must not mention, seeing that he is alive, and very much alive at the moment of writing. But there was a condition to the bequest. "A thousand pounds," said the will, "shall be buried with me." To appeal to the law was out of the question. The delay would have been too long; the lawyers and the heir put their heads together, and the thousand pounds were placed under the dead man's pillow—in a cheque to bearer. I am not inventing; the story is a true one, although it may read like that of the fellow who, in the early days of Melbourne, having seen a sailor light his pipe with a five-pound note, wrote himself a cheque for a hundred, and coolly lighted his cigar with it—"to flabbergast the spend-thrift," as he said; which it did.

To return to my subject. Will anyone contend that the man Peters, who has just died in a fifth or sixth floor room on the Boulevard Montmartre in Paris, was not a madman? He died worth at least £72,000; for besides the sum found in his room, he had probably property in land or houses, though that is by no means certain, for your downright miser does not invest his money. That, in fact, would deprive him of his only pleasure in life—the sight of his hoard. The following is only one out of a thousand stories that might be advanced in proof of what I state. I am indebted for it to Mr. Edward Walford. When they were collecting the money wherewith to build Bethlehem Hospital, the collectors came to a small tenement, the door of which was ajar. An old man, the master, was scolding his servant-maid for having thrown away a brimstone match without using both ends—not an encouraging scene for the collectors. The supposed miser, when he gathered the purport of the visitors' call, stepped into a closet whence he brought a bag and counted out four hundred guineas.

I have said "supposed miser" in deference to my informant, but that old man, notwithstanding his generosity, was as much of a miser as was Thomas Guy, as was Frederick Soulié, the well-known French novelist, who would give you all the money he had in banknotes, but would not part with one goldpiece to save your life. It is the sight and the chink of the gold more than the knowledge of the value of it which lie at the bottom of that particular form of the disease, and that is why a miser of that kind does not "bank" if he can help it. Of course it wants a Lombroso, not an ignoramus in science like myself, to draw the diagnosis of that aspect of the mania for hoarding, as well as that of the various others, but I am practically certain that in such instances the material fascination of the gold is the predisposing cause.

Peters's mania was of a different kind. His hoard consisted of securities, and with them was found a number of cheques on American banking houses. They had never been presented. That again does, in my opinion, constitute an altogether strange symptom, for here we have a man who deprives himself of the necessities of life—his food cost him fifteenpence per day—and yet leaves a great part of the thing he loves most in other people's hands. Nor had the coupons of his securities been cut up to date.

Thiers, Paganini, Mazarin, Jemmy Taylor, who lent one of the Dukes of Northumberland £75,000; Daniel Dancer, his friend; Thomas Cooke, who pretended to fall into fits when he was near a respectable house where he was likely to get a glass of wine, and who begged his ink and stole his writing paper; John Camden Neild, who, I believe, left half a million sterling to the Queen; John Elwes; Dandon, who literally died of starvation in 1812 in Berlin—all these constitute different varieties of the genus miser. Personally, I have about five hundred anecdotes relating to all these, among them copies of the notes used by Balzac for "Eugénie Grandet" and the original sketch of Jacques Ferrand in Sue's "Mystères de Paris." One day I will make them into a magazine article, but that would still leave the psychological, and, therefore, the most interesting part of the question unexplained. Why should not some great savant try his hand at it? I, for one, should be pleased to give him all the information I possess.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C. W. SMITH (Stroud).—Your solution is acknowledged below; but No. 2703 is not solved by 1. R to Q B 5th. There may be as many pieces of the same rank on the board as you can get Pawns to the eighth square without violating any law of chess. We regret we cannot write.

F. TENDON (Bishop's Down).—In No. 2703, if the King does not move, by 3. Kt to B 6th; if it does move, by 3. B to B 6th. In No. 2701 the solution should read Kt to B 4th, Mate.

J. WALKER (Burslem).—The reply in No. 2700 if B takes Q is a weak one, and mate is given immediately in return by Kt takes B. Black has therefore to try for some better defence.

T. CULLORIN (Bow).—Your problem shall be attended to.

H. J. W. LANE (Stroud).—The first move is quite sufficient.

H. D. ROOME (Kensington).—Your problem possesses some idea of construction, but the first two moves are utterly inadmissible.

F. R. GITTINS (Small Heath).—Thanks for the specimen page; the book promises to be handsome indeed. As for the other matter, modesty prevents.

SHADFORTH.—We quite agree with your appreciation of No. 2702 and the genius of its composer.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2698 received from Ferris Thompson (New York); of No. 2701 from James Clark (Chester); of No. 2702 from Ubique, Shadforth, Oliver Ingela, and Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2703 from Hermit, W. H. S. (Peterborough), James Gamble (Belfast), Emile Frau (Lyons), F. Leete (Sudbury), Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. Neill Fraser (Edinburgh), and H. F. W. Lane (Stroud).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2704 received from Sorrento, C. W. Smith (Stroud), F. Leete (Sudbury), W. d'A. Barnard (Uppingham), Dawn, L. Desanges, T. Roberts, H. T. Atterbury, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), J. F. Moon, M. R. Fox, R. H. Brooks, Shadforth, J. Bailey (Newark), W. H. Raillem, E. E. H. Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), M. Burke, Ubique, F. Folwell, Fr. Fernando (Glasgow), F. James (Wolverhampton), J. S. Wesley (Exeter), F. Waller, Dr. Goldsmith (Lee-on-the-Solent), and G. A. Wolff (Battersea).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2703.—By W. PERCY HIND.

WHITE.

1. R to B 2nd

2. Mates accordingly.

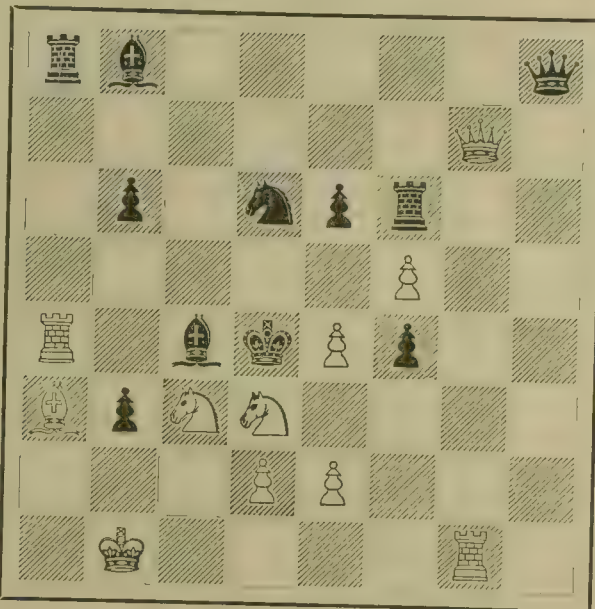
BLACK.

Any move

PROBLEM No. 2706.

By H. E. KIDSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN WALES.

Game played at the Craigside meeting between Messrs. E. O. JONES and B. D. WILMOT.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. W.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	25. P takes P	B takes P
2. P to K 3rd	P to K 3rd	26. P to B 4th	B to K 2nd
3. B to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	27. R takes B	R takes R
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to Q B 3rd	28. B takes P	K to R 2nd
		29. P to R 5th	Q to K 2nd
P to B 4th should have been played, as will be seen a few moves later on.			
5. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 3rd	A better move would have been R takes Kt. White cannot take the Pawn because of Q takes P (ch). His best move seems to be Q takes B, then Q takes B, with the better game.	
6. P to K B 4th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	30. P takes P (ch)	K to R sq
7. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 4th	31. Kt to B 3rd	R takes P
8. Kt to K 5th	P to Q Kt 3rd	32. P to K 5th	R to K sq
9. Castles	B to Kt 2nd	33. R to R sq	Q to B 4th (ch)
10. Q to B 3rd	Q to K 2nd	34. K to R sq	K R to K 3rd
11. P to Q R 4th	P to Q R 3rd	35. P takes P	R takes P
12. R to B 2nd	P to K R 4th	36. R to Q Kt sq	Q to B 3rd
13. B to Kt 6th		37. Q to Q 2nd	R to K sq
The game has been carefully opened on both sides, and now becomes interesting. There is not much to be said for or against the text move. Black obtains a free position with both Bishops well placed bearing on the King's quarters.			
14. B P takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	38. Q to Kt 2nd	R to K B sq
15. P takes Kt	P takes B	39. B to Q 6th	R to K Kt sq
16. Q takes P	K R to Kt sq	Had Black now played R takes Kt, we fall to see how White could have saved the game. He has a check or two which leads to nothing. Fortune now turns in favour of the first player, who, however, was lucky in winning.	
17. Q to B 3rd	Castles	40. P to B 5th	R to R 2nd
18. P takes P	B takes P	41. Kt to Q 4th	Q to Q 4th
19. Q to K 2nd	P to K 4th	42. Kt to Kt 5th	Q takes Kt P (ch)
20. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Q 3rd	43. Q takes Q	R to R 7th (ch)
21. B to Kt 2nd	R to Q 2nd	44. K takes B	P to Kt 4th
22. Q R to K B sq	Q to Q sq	45. K to Kt 3rd	P to R 5th (ch)
23. R to B 6th	Q to B 2nd	46. P to B 6th	Resigns
24. P to K 4th	K to Kt sq	47. K to R 3rd	

As we reported at the time, the great St. Petersburg contest ended in the triumph of Mr. Lasker, Messrs. Steinitz, Pillsbury, and Tschigorin finishing in the order named. The result was quite in accordance with the expectations of competent judges, for all who have studied Mr. Lasker's style cannot but recognise in him a chess genius of the highest order. His victory, however, was largely due both directly and indirectly to Mr. Steinitz: directly inasmuch as the latter's perseverance in bad openings nullified the effects of otherwise splendid play; indirectly by the curious inability of Mr. Pillsbury to make a fight against the veteran. The American player defeated both Mr. Lasker and Mr. Tschigorin, and his failure against Mr. Steinitz must stand as an instance of the value of the personal equation in chess. Mr. Tschigorin must be content with the honour of being one of such a brilliant company. The following is the full score—

	LASKER.		STEINITZ.		PILLSBURY.		TSCHIGORIN.		TOTAL.	
	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.	Won.	Lost.
Lasker	—	—	4	2	2½	3½	5	1	11½	6½
Steinitz	2	4	—	—	5	1	2½	3½	2½	3½
Pillsbury	3½	2½	1	5	—	—	3½	2½	8	10
Tschigorin	1	5	3½	2½	2½	9½	—	—	7	11

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JULY TO DECEMBER, 1895.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some time ago I noted in this column the philanthropic labours undertaken in connection with the blind by Gardner's Trust, of which the secretary is Mr. H. J. Wilson. The offices of the Trust are at 53, Victoria Street, Westminster, London. One of the most important phases of the work of the Trust is that in connection with the prevention of blindness. Anyone who is conversant with the details of medical practice among the poor, and in the matter of the care of infants' eyes just after birth, knows how much harm is done to the sight by careless and ignorant people maltreating the eyes of the young child. Numerous cases of blindness are to be attributed to this want of care, and it is sad to reflect upon the amount of misery which is wrought among the very classes to whom the presence of good eyesight is a necessary condition for success in the toil and moil of life. If any of my readers are inclined to undertake a little bit of philanthropic work in the direction of preventing blindness, I would suggest that they obtain from Mr. Wilson copies of an admirable leaflet issued by his society, containing full directions for the care of the eyes of infants. I should like to see this leaflet distributed widely among the masses by those whose work brings them in contact with the poor, and with those ignorant of health laws and practices. The Salvation Army might do many a less effective work than distribute such a leaflet among the classes to whom they minister in a religious sense. Mr. Wilson tells me the leaflet has been widely distributed in Leicester, Manchester, and elsewhere; but the movement should be made a national one. Recognising to the full the most merciful character of this undertaking, I commend it warmly to the notice of my readers.

A lady has forwarded to me an interesting letter describing her sensations in the use of the divining-rod. Not being a professional diviner, her statements are all the more welcome. She tells me that she discovered that she could detect water by mere accident. The sensations she experiences are a kind of creeping feeling passing from the feet upwards through the spine and through the arms to the finger-tips. The feeling described as "pins and needles" is akin to this sensation, or it may be described as if "a slight electric shock" had been sustained. My correspondent adds that before she knew of her divining-rod powers this feeling had been often experienced; and, when standing over a current of running water, or a spring or well, the sensation is present. This is the first communication I have received in reply to my inquiry for information regarding the personal feelings of the "medium."

Another letter informs me that the writer believes it impossible for a certain water-finder to make a mistake. This is a statement which, I should say, must be taken *cum grano salis*. I have already said that one hears (as in other cases) of all the successes, but the failures are nowhere mentioned. I apprehend water-finders are just like other people; they do not command universal and unvarying success in their avocations. The writer of the letter to which I refer goes on to say that he believes the power "to lie in the twig and not in the man." With this latter statement, of course, nobody can agree, for the plain reason that a twig is not a necessary condition for success. A bit of wire will do as well, according to the contentions of one diviner. My correspondent somewhat nullifies his sweeping assertion by describing a sensation which runs down the spine of a person who is a "medium." He suggests that there is something in the twig which influences the body. I should rather have imagined that things went the other way about, and that the body was the original source whence the twig was affected. Be that as it may, we don't seem to get "any forrarder," as the saying is, with our analysis of the water-finding powers; and so I wait for further information regarding the personnel of the subjects.

Most people know that "synthesis" in chemistry is the opposite of "analysis." The latter is the taking to pieces, chemically speaking, of any body; while the former process represents the building up of a body by combining its elements together. Very wonderful processes have of late years been represented in chemistry in connection with the making by synthesis of substances once believed to be capable of being formed only by living nature in the bodies of animals and plants.

Caffeine and theine are the active principles of tea and coffee, tea containing both substances. To the presence of these substances, the physiological effects of tea and coffee are due. Now Professor Fischer and Herr Ach, of Berlin, have succeeded in building up caffeine in their laboratory, and it is suggested that if the elaborate processes represented in the work can be cheapened and simplified, there may be a near future when we shall not be dependent on the plant world for many valuable drugs, of which strychnine, quinine, morphine, and other substances are examples. It seems that in each 100 lb. of tea about 2½ lb. of caffeine are contained, and it is said that in Great Britain we consume about 4.9 lb. of tea per head of the population each year. This immense consumption of tea (happily for the nutrition of the people cocoa is increasing year by year in consumption) represents really the infusion of caffeine in hot water, and it is suggested that the tea of the future may be brought to us in the shape of an artificial product of concentrated kind.

I very much doubt the correctness of any such idea. An infusion of pure caffeine would not represent or replace an infusion of tea. There would be no aroma, and "the cup that cheers" would sink to the level of a medicinal draught, like most such mixtures, nauseous in kind, and by no means of exhilarating nature. I think we are as yet a long way off such replacement of tea by an artificial substitute. The news that caffeine can be synthetically prepared shows us the futility of setting a limit to the possibilities of chemistry in infringing the patent manufacturing rights of that highly respectable and venerable personality, Madame Nature herself.

THE ASHANTI EXPEDITION.

From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. H. C. Soppings Wright.



SCENE IN THE YARD OF CAPE COAST CASTLE.

The above drawing represents an animated scene in the courtyard of Cape Coast Castle, which is thronged by native carriers preparing to take part in the transport of provisions from the coast to the interior. A native king and some of his chiefs are awaiting, under their umbrellas, an interview with Governor Maxwell. Boxes of provisions are to be seen stacked ready for transport, and further stores are being landed.

DEPARTURE OF THE FLYING SQUADRON,
NAVAL ACTIVITY
IN PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.



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BLUE-JACKETS SHIPPING FRESH PROVISIONS

THE LADIES' PAGE. DRESS.

For a constitutionally idle woman of extravagant habits can any occupation be more delightful than doing nothing in front of a fire, weaving the while in imagination tales of fashion which shall be told in the early spring? Two delightful sketches my artist has sent me: one tempts me to immediate consideration of the tea-jacket, for it is a particularly charming model, which could either be made in velveteen or satin or brocade, hemmed with ermine, with front and sleeves of accordion-kilted soft silk—or of a fine silk muslin it would have charms—while the same style might be adapted with success to a theatre-cloak, so that the armholes were made larger and the sleeves at the wrist a little wider; the top could then be finished off with a collar of ermine fitting snugly round the throat, when it would leave nothing to be desired. These loosely hanging coats please me very much; they adapt themselves with equal grace to the tall woman and the short woman, and I am not quite certain in this single instance that the short woman has not somewhat the best of the position, the loose coat seeming to suit her with even more charm than it does her taller sister. As a rule the short woman, being almost as much disregarded by fashion as the stout woman, when a garment condescends to grace her with special distinction that garment should be elevated on high and worshipped with all due respect. Although the wise men tell us that the "woman creature" is growing tall by degrees and beautifully bigger, yet there still remain many specimens who measure no more than five feet one or two inches; and to these the short loose coat is of special advantage; so too, by the way, is the Eton jacket, whose popularity wanes not at all. I met a charming Eton jacket but yesterday, made of black astrachan, with black satin sleeves, cuffs of the astrachan finishing these sleeves at the wrists. This was worn by a short, slim girl, and completed a plain black cloth skirt crowned by a Tam-o'-Shanter jauntily set at one side of the head, with a large bunch of white gardenias and a white and black osprey to decorate it.

White gardenias, I must reflect, are absorbing a great amount of our favour just now. One of the most attractive hats I have seen for weeks—for in truth the millinery of the moment is not inspiring—is made of bright green straw, draped with green and white tulle and trimmed with white gardenias and a group of white quills. And yet one other attractive hat which I must not forget while chronicling its kind have I found of violet straw, with the open brim trimmed with three bunches of different coloured violets, either side being decorated with erect loops of mauve and green ribbon. The floral toques seem like to reappear amongst us, and I hear from Paris of the combination of violets with scarlet geraniums, the latter



CLOTH DRESS TRIMMED WITH VELVET AND SABLE.

flower being used osprey-fashion. Furthermore have I news of hats made entirely of different coloured roses in combination with azaleas.

But how I am wandering away from those pictures! I have forgotten all about that costume, which is a most

excellent dress, too, with its plain cloth skirt and trimmings of jet and gold. It displays an under-bodice of velvet and a yoke bordered with sable, and it is altogether a most worthy frock, special virtue being exhibited by its sleeves, which boast those short puffs, terminating well above the elbow, which rumour tells me are to be among the most prominent styles of the



TEA-JACKET TRIMMED WITH ERMINE.

spring. On the whole, it may be said that fashion has been called continually "to arms" during the last two or three years, these seeming to have absorbed all our best attentions. There is much talk at the moment of the small sleeve, but it remains conspicuous by its absence. However, under two conditions it is to be welcomed most cordially, either when appearing in a plain tailor-made coat—then, indeed, I consider it indispensable to success—or, when formed of some soft diaphanous material, to complete an evening gown. On the ordinary afternoon dress or the high silk gown I have not as yet met a modified sleeve which satisfies my sense of the æsthetic proprieties; but it may be this is a joy for my immediate future. The joy of my immediate present is to sit here and dream of the pleasures of an alpaca costume which shall grace me when the weather justifies such a material. Black alpaca is the ideal for a spring dress. The newest make of this has somewhat the surface of a coarse canvas, but is lustrous exceedingly. As an economical purchase in another month or so—but at the moment it is, alas! impossible wear—a coat and skirt of alpaca may be most cordially recommended; at least, I don't think I shall recommend it. I shall wear it myself, this being, as I conceitedly imagine, its best advertisement. The white silk linings with which we so bravely started our winter career have already begun to show signs of degeneration, turning to a faint pearl-grey, which is anything but attractive, and making me realise that perhaps a less tell-tale material would be more appropriate to the murky joys of a London winter. However, there is no reason that the white satin lining should not put in its appearance again when the sun shines; indeed, it is the lining for that black alpaca dress of mine—at least for its bodice. For the skirt I am contemplating a Brobdingnagian check in black and white and yellow: this will wear well and should, I think, look nice.

ANSWERS TO LETTERS.

CORA.—Strange to say, I have had two letters this week; and, believe me, I am quite willing to answer them. Indeed, I think, on serious consideration, I am flattered that you should ask me to assist you out of your difficulties. A jacket like that one illustrated this week, made entirely of black, will no doubt serve your purpose capably. The ermine you could dispense with altogether, replacing it by lace—real if you have it, imitation if you should not be so fortunate. The back of the jacket would look best if you have it made quite tight—the basque to be a little shorter all round, the accordion-kilted vest to fall below the jacket in the front. You will quite understand what I mean, I am sure. I do not see why a bonnet is essential; a large black hat, set well on the forehead, with a group of black ostrich-feathers at one side and a cachepeigne of violets at the back, would look extremely nice.

INEZ.—I am quite pleased to advise you. If you send me a small pattern of that chiffon I will let you have by return of post a piece of silk of the right colour. The belt would look best of gold galoon. You can buy this for about half-a-crown a yard, and you might further improve it by motifs of jet sewn on at intervals. I like the description of the black bodice, but instead of the plain shoulder-strap at one side, have a ruche of black tulle: you will find it so much more becoming.

PAULINA PRY.

NOTES.

The two great employing bodies of the London ratepayers, the London County Council and the London School Board, are just in the course of a discussion of parts of the woman question. The School Board nominated one of its lady members, Miss Eve, to be a member of the governing body of Christ's Hospital. The appointment was eminently suitable, for girls as well as boys are now educated under the foundation; and when (or if) the new scheme comes into operation the girls are to have a larger share of what was originally intended for both sexes but has long been in

great measure captured for the boys alone. The girls now educated at Christ's Hospital, too, need a woman's care. If all I have heard be true there is much room for improvement in many of the details in force at present; but the governing body have so far refused to admit Miss Eve to their community, and as the School Board has held firm, the result has been that the ratepayers have been for some time without their proper representation on that body. The matter is expected to arise again soon, and must be settled by some authority. It is certainly too late in the day for any persons, calling themselves a governing body or anything else, to object to the participation of women in the management of the education of girls and boys both.

At the same time that the School Board is thus maintaining the right of a woman to do unpaid work, however, it is arousing much wrath amongst its female teachers by a proposal to raise the salaries of the male assistant teachers, while leaving those of the female assistants stationary, and so further increasing the inequality of the payments. If there was ever a case in which abstract justice demanded that the two sexes should be paid the same for their work it is this of the teaching profession. The girl scholars are admitted by the Education Act to be of precisely equal value with the boys, have to receive as good an education, and to be taught for as long hours. In fact, the balance of work is rather against the women, for they have to prepare needlework out of school hours in many cases. Nevertheless, the salaries of the women teachers are fixed at fully twenty per cent. lower than those of the men; and now Mr. Whiteley and Mr. Bruce desire to make this inequality greater still. Of course, however, they have a reason to offer. They assert, and with truth, that there is a difficulty in getting competent male teachers, while the supply of female teachers of full qualifications exceeds the demand. Well, why not try having women teachers in the boys' schools? As I have pointed out here on a previous occasion, the experience of the day industrial schools in Liverpool and elsewhere shows that women are fully capable of controlling even specially unruly boys—under a certain age, at any rate.

On the London County Council it has been referred to a committee to decide if there is any portion of the clerical work fit to be done by women. Mr. John Burns made a strong speech in favour of their equalising the wages of the sexes if there were any women employed, and of opening to them all the appointments, and not only the "dish and bottle washing" of the staff.

German women are in the most backward position of the women of any civilised country. So long ago as 1877 a petition was presented to the Reichstag asking that the civil laws about women might be amended, and an answer was returned that it was intended to revise the laws in general of the German Empire soon. Now that the proposed civil code is before the Reichstag, it leaves the German women in that enslaved state from which we happier Englishwomen were freed by our far better and nobler men years ago. A married woman in Germany, even under the proposed new code, has no right to her own earnings: they are her husband's. If she be a woman of property her husband has the sole use of the income of her fortune, and she may not spend any of it except under his kind leave. Any contract or financial transaction entered into by a woman without her husband's express leave is null and void. The new law will make divorce much more difficult to obtain. Women may not be appointed the guardians of children, except their own children or grandchildren. And so on.

It is only a comparatively short time, however, since we were in some respects in the same position. Even when I married, though the Married Women's Property Act of 1870 had then declared the earnings of a woman to be her own, my bankers told me that they could no longer honour my cheques for my own money without my husband's consent. This, of course, ended with the Act of 1882. A wife here now is a person before the law in respect to her property.

Our Australian colony, Victoria, has had a Women's Suffrage Bill accepted by the representative House of the Legislature by an overwhelming majority. The Colonies have to reckon, however, with a sort of House of Lords, chosen or appointed under varying conditions in different cases, but always practically non-representative. This Upper House in Victoria has rejected the Women's Franchise Bill passed by the House of Representatives.

Two digestive preparations have come to me for notice. Armbricht's coca wine contains a proportion of the prepared nut of the coca-plant, a native of Peru, which has been used for generations by the people of that region as a means of helping them to work, and a tonic generally. It is stated to be of use in cases of nerve exhaustion and debility, and to be especially valuable in insomnia. It is to be had in the form of a non-alcoholic extract to be taken in milk, if this be preferred to the wine.

Messrs. Savory and Moore, whose name is a guarantee of the genuine character of anything that they place it upon, send a tin of coffee and milk, called by them "Café Zylak," which they have prepared with peptones—that is to say, a pre-digestion—so that persons who cannot take the ordinary form of coffee may be able to enjoy this without injury. It is useful for travellers, being prepared at once by putting a spoonful in boiling water for a cup. It smells delicious and tastes like the best café-au-lait. Cocoa and milk and milk alone are also prepared "peptonised" in the same manner.

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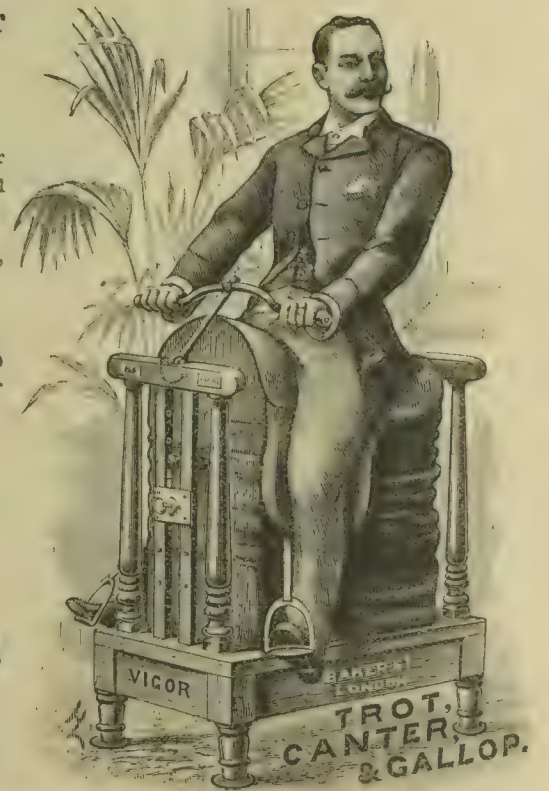
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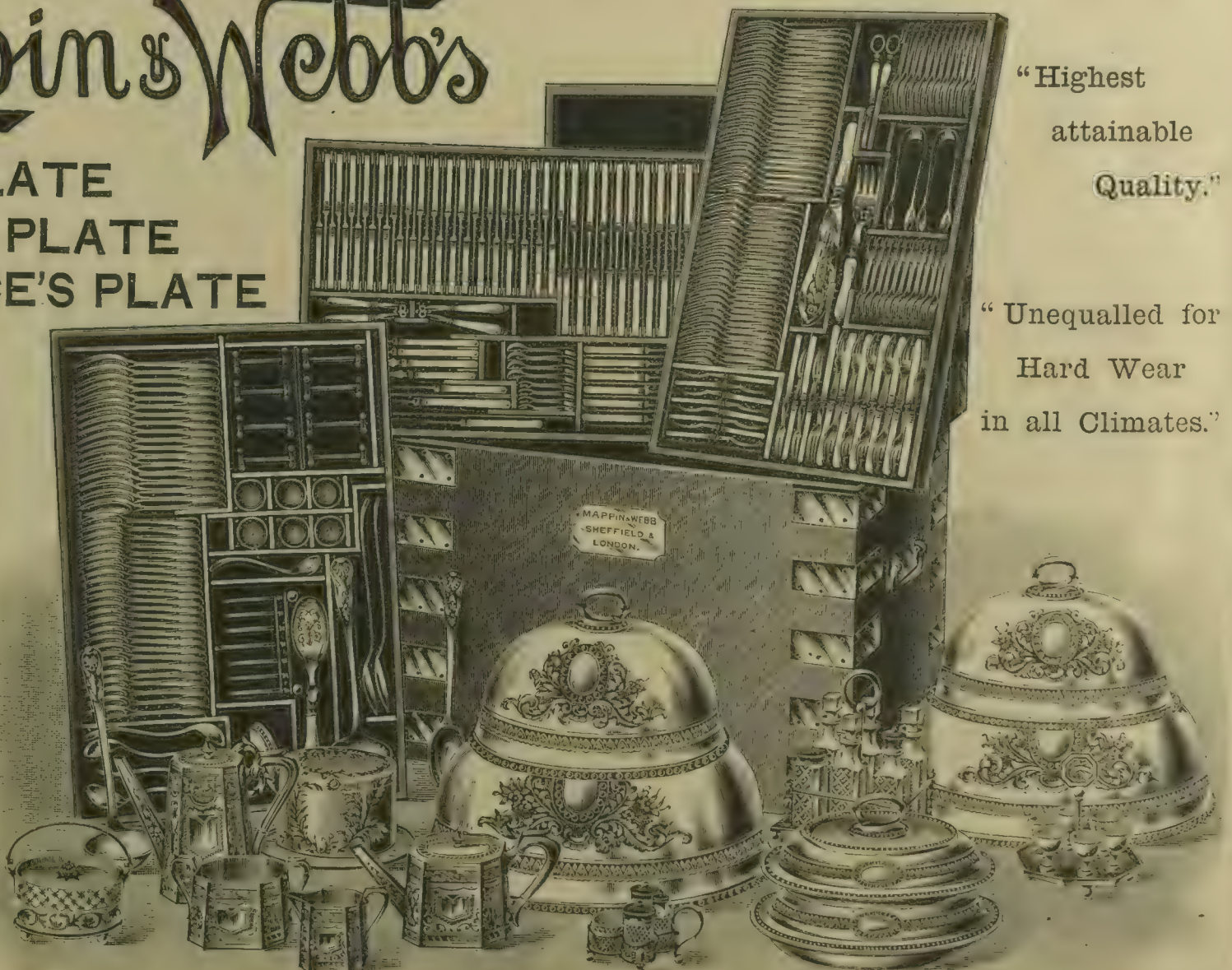
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THE FRENCH ROMANTICISTS AT THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

The managers of the Grafton Galleries have provided a rare treat for those who delight in the "Romanticists" of France and Holland. The "Barbizon School," as it is generally called, is treated in a very liberal sense, for among the artists whose works are exhibited are two or three who probably never set foot in the Forest of Fontainebleau. It is an open secret that the whole of the pictures here brought together belong to a single fortunate collector, who recognised the merits of the several painters before they attracted public attention.

The least known of the pioneers in the study of nature for as painters of nature the Barbizon School earned their reputation — was Georges Michel, who was born as far back as 1763. His father held some subordinate post in the Paris "Halles," and may have been a market-gardener. His son was brought up by a curé of St. Denis, by whom he was placed with Ledue the painter, and promptly acquired facility in depicting the scenery of the broad plain of St. Denis, on the north side of Paris, which in his day had not become an ugly industrial suburb. Two of his pictures were purchased for the Luxembourg, but even this did not give him fame among his fellow-countrymen, who are only now beginning to recognise his talent. There are nine of his works here, all of interest, and, although somewhat dark in colour, they show a very keen desire to represent nature. Charles Jacque, the "Raphael des pourceaux," or, more correctly, "des moutons," was another painter of lowly origin, who after serving seven years as a soldier and spending two years in England, settled down in Burgundy. His colour is often crude, but he could transfer to his canvas homely scenes in a way which conveyed the sense of keen observation and patient labour.

It was, however, from Diaz, born of Spanish refugees, that the new school was to learn the resources of rich colour which Nature offered to those who studied her. In such works as "The Bathers" (115), "Gathering Weeds" (116), "The Fern-Cutters" (105), we see how thoroughly he was imbued with the surroundings of the Forest of Fontainebleau; while in such compositions as "Maternity" (119), and the like, although somewhat obscure in design, he showed his consummate power in the painting of flesh. Dupré and Troyon, although not equal to Rousseau, the greatest colourist of the Barbizon group, were both poet-painters, to whom the woods and fields were always full of delightful surprises. Troyon excelled in illimitable landscapes bathed in the misty morning air, often marked by bold and original treatment; while Dupré delighted in cottages and old oaks on the borders of pools or standing in strong relief against luminous skies. Corot carried the study of atmosphere still further. He must have learned something from Turner, although there is no record of his ever having had the opportunity of studying our fellow-countryman's work. His consummate knowledge of the effects of light is shown equally when depicting stagnant or flowing water, which at his will



"THE POETRY OF MOTION."—BY MRS. MURRAY COOKESLEY.
Exhibited at the Royal Institute.

Mrs. Murray Cookesley, if we mistake not, first attracted attention in the Conduit Street Galleries and at the Society of Lady Artists by her studies of Indian life and Eastern ladies. She worked chiefly in water-colours, and enjoyed considerable success in that medium. Latterly she has been painting more frequently in oils, and has found attractive subjects among the Arab population and quarters of Cairo and Algiers. In the picture at the Royal Institute here reproduced her art takes a step farther, and instead of motionless sheikhs or coffee-house frequenters, she has grappled with the difficult subject of a Greek or Roman dancing girl interpreting the "poetry of motion."

can sparkle or glimmer in the evening glow. Among the three-and-thirty specimens of his work it could not but happen that some of those more hasty productions known as "Corots du Commerce" should have crept in; but they are few, and serve only to show the care which the artist bestowed upon scenes which attracted him.

J. F. Millet, perhaps the most widely known of all the "naturalists" of Barbizon, is represented by five-and-twenty chalk drawings and pastel works; but some of these were finished studies for larger pictures. Foremost among them is the well-known "Angelus" (61), differing in many

points from the oil picture, etched by Waltner. Millet's chief claim is his total freedom from theatrical effect. He had in his simple way as true a love of nature as Burns or Wordsworth, and he translated into pictures what they expressed in poems. The poetry of field-work, the earnestness as well as the hard lot of field-workers, furnished him with ample themes. In this sympathy with toil Millet was the very opposite to Corot, who delighted in the joyousness of life and the carelessness of his fellow-creatures; but both were agreed in depicting nature as they felt and saw. In this respect, too, Daubigny, of whom there are twenty examples, for the most part charming, was in no way less distinguished. His leading characteristic was a simple naïveté of expression which gave strength to the naturalism of the Barbizon School, and he was absolutely free from aiming at dramatic effect.

In like manner Rousseau and Dupré, fellow-workers during many years, were studying nature from their respective standpoints—the former preferring forest glades through which the wind was sweeping, or dark gorges over which the storm-clouds were hanging; the latter clinging to open pastures and broad expanses bathed in sunlight, or old oaks in stately serenity throwing deep shadows over stagnant pools. Like others of the same school, it was atmosphere that he loved to paint, and few could convey more accurately its various conditions. Rousseau, who was more dramatic in his effects, is only thus represented in this collection by one work, "A Mountain View" (166); but in his studies of Fontainebleau Forest we catch a glimpse of his feverish anxiety to treat such sylvan subjects heroically or tragically. Still, his wonderful skill in passing rays of light through the tangled woods and lighting up stray spots is often as effective as it is fantastical. Of Courbet, the hero of the Commune; Isabey, the forerunner of Sir John Gilbert; and Vollon, the precursor of Fantin, it is unnecessary to speak at length, except to say that they are worthy to be found in such company, and that their works make the exhibition more complete.

Of Alfred Stevens, "Le Belge Parisien," there is one charming example, "The Present" (158), a face and a dress equally full of the most delicate harmonies and subtle touches of light. In point of finish there are, perhaps, few works which surpass it; but the single figure seems to be out of place among so much landscape work. The modern Dutch schools are represented by Israels, Mauve, and Jakob Maris, three distinct types, but all intensely human. Israels, as one knows but too well, hugs the miseries of life, and speaks to us the language of sorrow and suffering. Maris found his best inspiration on the banks of canals where life was busy; while Mauve loved rather the peaceful solitude of the fields and the soft glimmering haze which hangs over Dutch pastures. All three painters are adequately represented in the present exhibition, and those who care to learn how much we owe to our neighbours both in France and Holland in matters of painting from nature cannot do better than spend a few hours among the specimens brought together at the Grafton Galleries.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 2, 1885), with seven codicils (dated Aug. 17, 1887; Jan. 21, Aug. 30, and Nov. 22, 1888; April 17, 1891; Oct. 26, 1893; and March 23, 1895, of the Right Hon. Sir Charles Augustus Murray, K.C.B., of The Grange, Old Windsor, Berks, who died on June 3 at Paris, was proved on Jan. 29 by Charles James Murray, the son, and Herbert Henry Walford, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £308,461. The testator bequeaths £20,000 and all his jewellery, furniture, plate, pictures, and effects at The Grange, to his wife; £36,000 to his son Charles James on condition that he ratifies his French will, leaving his villa and property at Cannes in favour of his wife and his son Cecil, and in the event of his not ratifying such will, he gives him £26,000; £500 per annum until marriage, and then £2000 per annum, during the life of his wife, to his son Cecil Henry Alexander; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his property in the United States of America, he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his son Cecil Henry Alexander.

The will (dated Sept. 23, 1895), with ten codicils (dated Oct. 8, 17, 19, and 26; Nov. 2, 10, 17, 20, and 25, and Dec. 6, 1895), of Mr. Edwin John Brett, of 173, Fleet Street; of Burleigh House, Camden Road, Holloway; and Oaklands, St. Peter's, in the Isle of Thanet, who died on Dec. 15, was proved on Jan. 28 by Edwin Charles Brett, the son, Thomas Joseph Tee and James Herbert Tee, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £76,538. There are many gifts of freehold and leasehold properties, and specific bequests of plate, furniture, etc., to children, and pecuniary legacies to children, grandchildren, sister, executors, persons in his employ at 173, Fleet Street, and servants. As to the proceeds of the sale of his business, he gives six eighteenth parts to his son Edwin Charles, four eighteenth parts to his son Edgar Percy, two eighteenth parts each to his daughters, Helen Robey and Florence Selina Brewer; and one eighteenth part each to his daughters, Emily Eliza Swain, Alice Maud Harris, Edith Mary Dance, and Emma Martha Welsman. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to two fourteenth parts each to his children Edwin Charles, Edgar Percy, Helen, Emily Eliza, and Florence Selina; and one fourteenth each to his daughters Alice Maud Harris, Edith Mary Dance, Ethel Dance, and Emma Martha Welsman.

The will (dated April 13, 1895) of Lieutenant-Colonel John Philip Osbaldeston Mitford, J.P., of Mitford, Northumberland, and Hunmanby, Yorkshire, who died on Nov. 27, was proved at the Newcastle District

Registry on Jan. 15 by Mrs. Fanny Osbaldeston Mitford, the widow, William Robert Mitford, and George Brumell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £46,016. The testator bequeaths £100 each to the Newcastle Diocesan Society, the Cathedral Nurse and Loan Society for the Sick Poor of the City of Newcastle, the Infirmary (Newcastle), the Northern Counties Deaf and Dumb Institution, St. Oswald's Home for Waifs and Strays (Cullercoats), the Morpeth Dispensary, the York and County Hospital, St. Mary's Hospital (Paddington), the Samaritan Free Hospital for Women and Children, the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's Inn Road, the Cancer Hospital (Brompton), the Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest (Brompton), the Association for the Blind (Tottenham Court Road), the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, and the Church Defence Association (Bridge Street); a suite of diamonds to his wife, and legacies to his brother, nephews, nieces, indoor and outdoor servants, and others. He gives up a charge of £8500 which he has on the Mitford estate, so that it shall cease to exist. His wife, having expressed her desire to forego the life interest, he gives the residue of his real and personal estate to the children of his brother Edward Ledwick Mitford, except his daughter Mary Margaret Raymond.

The will (dated June 10, 1879), with eleven codicils, of the Rev. the Hon. George Thomas Orlando Bridgeman, Hon. Canon of Liverpool, J.P., of The Hall, Wigan, Lancashire, who died on Nov. 25, was proved on Jan. 25 by the Rev. Ernest Richard Orlando Bridgeman, the son, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £43,020. The testator bequeaths £6000 and £1000 ordinary stock of the Midland Railway Company to his daughter, Harriet Georgina Isabel Murray; £6000 and shares in various companies to his son Charles George Orlando Bridgeman; and other legacies. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his son Ernest Richard Orlando Bridgeman.

The will (dated July 31, 1882) of Mr. Septimus Richard Scott, of the Stock Exchange, and 66, Widmore Road, Bromley, Kent, who died on Oct. 13, was proved on Jan. 15 by Mrs. Isabella Scott, the widow, John Clapham, and Eliot Pye Smith Reed, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £33,828. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors, Mr. Clapham and Mr. Reed; and leaves the residue of his property to his wife for her own absolute use and control.

The will (dated June 13, 1895) of Mr. Frederick George Davidson, one of the Taxing Masters of the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, of Sandhills, Betchworth, Surrey, who died on Dec. 14, was proved on

Jan. 28 by Mrs. Annie Davidson, the widow and sole executrix, the net value upon which estate duty has been paid amounting to £32,798. The testator leaves the whole of his estate real and personal at the absolute disposal of his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 5, 1894), with three codicils (all dated Dec. 6, 1895), of the Right Rev. George Hills, D.D., Vicar of Parham, Suffolk, formerly Bishop of British Columbia, who died on Dec. 10, was proved on Jan. 28 by George Herbert Bent McSwiney, the nephew, and Arthur Charles Hammersley, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £18,006. The testator bequeaths £3000 to Justine Mary Louisa King, the niece and godchild of his late wife; £4000 each to his nephew, the Rev. William Henry Percival Arden, and his niece, Harriet Maria Arden; and numerous pecuniary and specific legacies to sisters, nephews, nieces, friends, and executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to the said William Henry Percival Arden, Harriet Maria Arden, and George Herbert Bent McSwiney, in equal shares.

The will and codicil (both dated July 25, 1895) of Mrs. Caroline Bensusan, of 31, Kensington Gardens Square, Bayswater, who died on Dec. 4, were proved on Jan. 18 by Hilel Beriro, Arthur Halford, and Gabriel Lindo, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £14,604. The testatrix bequeaths £100 to the Jewish Board of Guardians, Devonshire Square; £50 each to the Jews' Hospital and Orphan Asylum (West Norwood), and the Jewish Institution for the Relief of the Blind; £20 each to the New West End Synagogue (St. Petersburg Place), and the Bayswater Jewish Schools; and numerous legacies to relatives and others. The residue of her personal estate she leaves, upon trust, as to one sixth each for her sister Justina Beriro, her nieces, Clara Francesca Beriro, Eliza Salom, and Isabel Fanny Cronbach, and her nephew Arthur Woolley Hart; and one sixth between Alice Singer, Isabel Isaac, and Simmy Isaac.

The will and two codicils of Mr. Henry Francis Brouncker, J.P., of Boveridge House, Dorset, who died on Sept. 18 at 15, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, were proved on Jan. 18 by Mrs. Letitia Augusta Sarah Brouncker, the widow, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Charles Adolphus Frederick William, Count Aldenburg-Bentinck, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2413.

The will of Lady Frances Mary Pepys, of 23, Silwood Place, Brighton, who died on Nov. 3, was proved on Jan. 22 by Lady Caroline Lister Kaye, the sister and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1993.

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TO THE CONTINENT.
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

The year that dawned in national trouble and almost universal gloom has not spared the dramatic world. "Michael and his Lost Angel" played at the Lyceum but for a very few days. "The Fool of the Family" strutted on the stage of the Duke of York's Theatre but for a very few hours. In each case there was no unnecessary fighting. The managers boldly went to the front and held up the white flag in token of defeat. I cannot help thinking that the modern plan of receiving a play, however unsatisfactory, in a courteous fashion is better than the hooting and yelling and boo-hoing that have often disfigured first nights. Many plays are produced for whose failure the actors and actresses are not responsible, and they may well be spared the indignity of dramatic defeat. If authors are silly enough to take half-hearted calls, raised naturally at the suggestion of their friends in front, they must expect exactly what they get; but I cannot help admiring the recently adopted system of allowing a play to proceed without protest or interruption until the last words are spoken, when a verdict one way or another can be fairly given without detriment to the play under trial. There are moments, of course, in every play—moments when the bad taste, gagging, or extravagant exaggeration of individuals calls for instant reproof, and it would be almost contrary to human nature to refrain from giving it; but, as a general rule, it is better to see the thing out and to decide upon "yea" or "nay" when the curtain has fallen. Experienced playgoers never doubt for an instant

whether the play be a failure or a success. They feel it in the air. It permeates the atmosphere of the theatre. Scarcely any play is so bad that it is not rewarded at the close with conventional and courteous applause. But it means very little. It is a generous instinct to lighten the fall of a popular author or actor. But such failures as "Bogey," "The Divided Way," "Michael and his Lost Angel," and "The Fool of the Family" were apparent to all experienced playtasters, notwithstanding their courteous, and in some cases enthusiastic, reception. The news of a play, good or bad, spreads like wild-fire in London; in fact, so swiftly in recent times that a play is "knocked out" in a few hours. The box-office is the test, and it is satisfactory to find that modern managers are steadily consulting that valuable barometer and saving themselves the trouble of papering their houses.

In the case of "The Fool of the Family," by Fergus Hume, objections have been raised in some quarters to what is called "comparative criticism." Now it is the merest platitude to say that playgoers do not care a brass farthing where the plot of a play comes from so long as it is a good one. Of course they do not, and it is open to doubt if anyone ever said that they did. It is sometimes sarcastically stated that the late Henry Pettitt made a fortune with dozens of dramas and only one plot. If "Box and Cox," or "The School for Scandal," or "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," or "Jonathan Bradford," or "Diplomacy" were dished up a dozen times, as, indeed, they have been, the fact would not interfere with the pleasure of the playgoer. That goes without saying. But when we pick up a playbill and read that a work is "new

and original," and discover it is nothing of the kind, surely a critic who knows his business has a right to point out that there exists a play-story well known to all educated playgoers, which does not bear out the statement on the programme. And surely it is of the very essence of criticism also to show that a plot which does remarkably well for a literary comedy in verse, or for a prose comedy not quite so ambitious, is ill-suited to an attempt to boil down melodrama into a farce. With "The Fool of the Family" before our eyes, and with Emile Augier's "L'Aventurière" and Robertson's "Home" in our recollection, it may be interesting to many to learn that this famous plot, though admirably useful for a romantic play by Emile Augier and for a Haymarket comedy by Robertson, comes "tardy off" in a burglarious melodrama in a nutshell. Comparisons are sometimes odious, but they are inevitable. But be that as it may, they are forced on the critic when new plays are called original in defiance of all precedent and history.

One of the best actors I have ever seen in what I may call the "Robson" line—intense, pathetic, nervous, highly strung, and sometimes on the verge of the tragic—was a little man called Dominic Murray. How strange that the strong acting talent generally falls to the short in stature!—Edmund Kean, Frederic Robson, Dominic Murray, George Belmore, and many more may be cited. Dominic Murray, a brilliant little Irishman, graduated in his art in America, and came over to this country in the year 1862. I was first struck with a very remarkable performance of his at the old Princess's Theatre, in a play originally called "Æsop the Hunchback," but afterwards changed to "Sunlight

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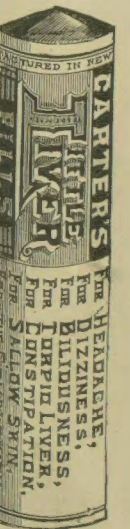
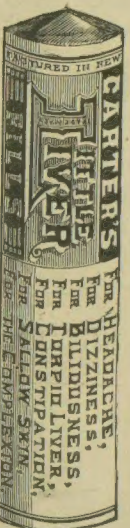
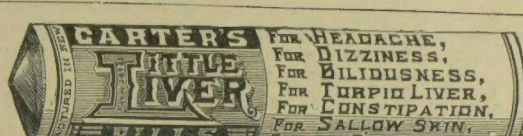
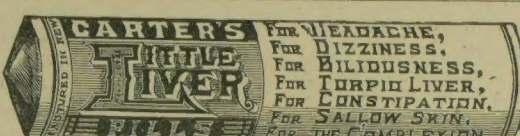
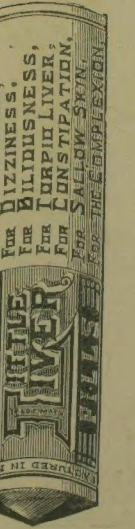
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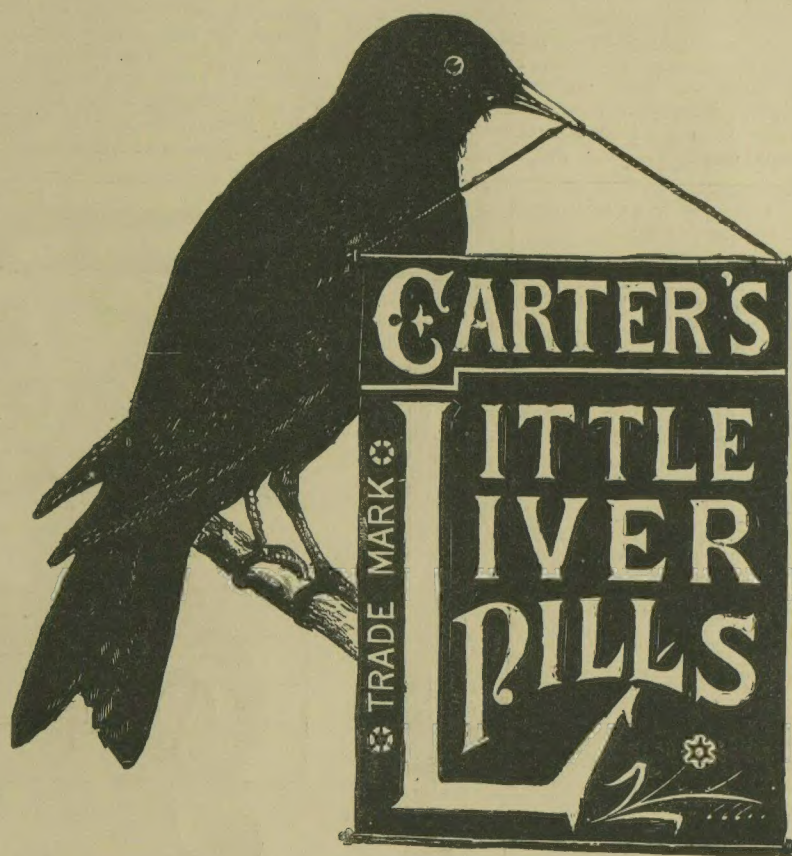
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CHAPTER I.

H'm! Liverish?

I think so.

Drowsy?

Very often.

Back-ache?

Yes; between the shoulders.

Tongue?

Coated and rather yellow.

Mouth?

Tastes bad in the morning.

CHAPTER II.

Appetite?

Haven't got any.

Bilious?

Horribly. Look at my skin.

H'm! CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS—two or three to begin with, then one every night for a week.

What will that do?

Clear away the whole trouble.

After a week's misery and purging?

Not a bit of it. Cure you first dose.

CHAPTER III.

Why the other doses then?

To make you keep cured.

Ever have it again?

Not if you are careful.

What does "careful" mean?

Watch your health, and take a CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILL now and then when you need it.

The fee?

No fee. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS, Shilling and Three-half-pence at the Chemist's.

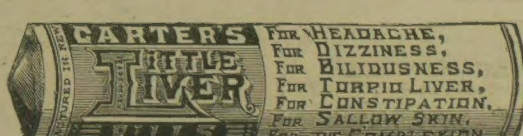
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and Shadow." It was a play about the South Sea Bubble, and Dominic Murray was the hunchback who is passionately in love with a beautiful woman. At any rate, it was a very remarkable piece of acting, and on the strength of it the actor became an enormous favourite when serving under the banner of George Vining. I have only just heard, from a kindly and generous communication made to me by Dominic Murray, now spending the winter of his days in Montreal, Canada, how he was at the outset of his English career taken by the hand and brought to London at the instigation of Mrs. Stirling (Lady Gregory), whose death we have all recently deplored. Murray was acting at Liverpool at Alexander Henderson's Theatre, they having been old friends in Australia, when Mrs. Stirling came down to play Peg Woffington in

"Masks and Faces," a performance never to be forgotten. Dominic Murray played Triplet, and Mrs. Stirling was wonderfully struck with the ability of the actor. She made him share all her curtain-calls—generous artist as she was—and at the conclusion said, "Mr. Murray, you ought to be in London, and it shall not be my fault if you do not soon get there." She kept her word, and in less than a month Dominic Murray was appointed principal comedian at the Princess's Theatre, and soon became the talk of theatrical London. The same generous sympathy that Mrs. Stirling extended to the young actor thirty odd years ago he, in turn, is disposed to give to one of our youngest actresses. The old actor has seen Miss Olga Nethersole in "Denise," and I do not hesitate to quote a portion of his criticism on a performance that has

evidently affected him very deeply, for, in truth, it is very valuable criticism indeed—

Refined, forcible, and convincingly natural, without the slightest taint of that obtrusive affectation of naturalness peculiar to the newer method, which is invariably unnatural, uninteresting, and insipid, and only a feeble substitute—or, rather, an excuse—for what true acting should be, a more truly pathetic and natural piece of acting—natural in that just proportion and degree the work demands—than Miss Nethersole's story of her unhappy motherhood I have rarely witnessed. Instinct with womanly modesty, without a single false note or jarring discord, it came straight from her heart, and went straight to the hearts of her hearers. But one feeling, intense, silent sympathy, dominated the immense audience until the end of her recital, and then a perfect cyclone of applause from all parts of the house amply demonstrated that the "wondrous glory of her art" was appreciated and rapturously acknowledged. Oh! but it was a something to remember, I can tell you. As I left the theatre I said, "Thank God such people live to confound the cynic, the scoffer, and the sceptic, and to prove to them that our 'mimic world' is not such a frivolous world after all, Tartuffes, Mawworms, and Cantwells to the contrary notwithstanding." I'm growing garrulous! Pardon me! I'll switch off!

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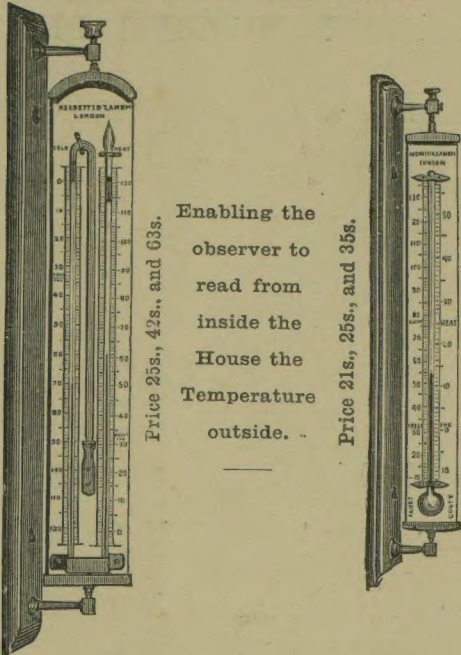
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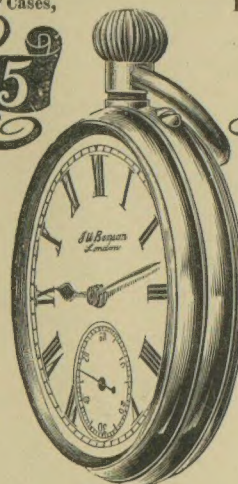
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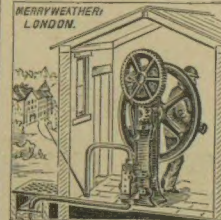
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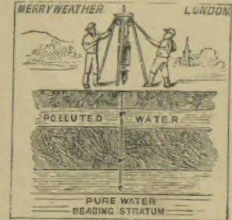
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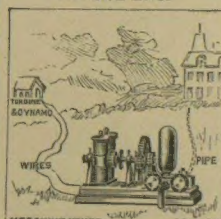
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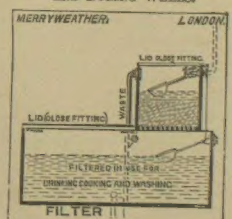
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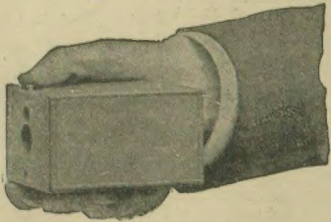
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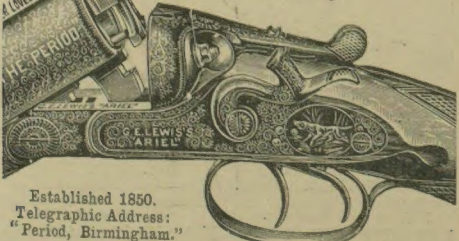


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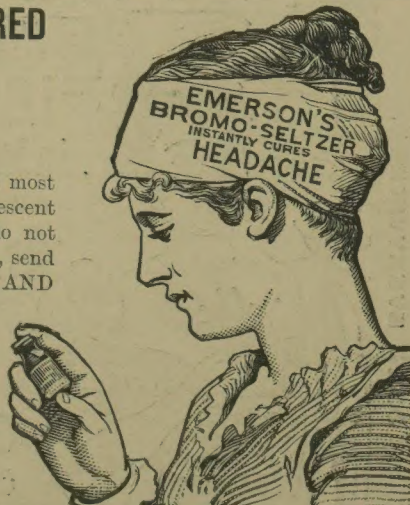
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